

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## £1,000,000 WORTH OF CATTLE KILLED

### AUSTRALIA'S PLAGUE

#### RATS AND MICE

Immense Damage to the Farms,  
Fields, and Bakeries

#### EATING UP THE PEOPLE'S FOOD

Australia, a mighty infant nation, experiences from time to time some of the troubles of infancy. Each trouble is overcome in turn, but is very worrying while it lasts.

The newest vexation is a plague of rats and mice in parts of New South Wales.

Two types of rats and two types of mice have advanced like a tidal wave against fields and farms and houses. The story is one of extraordinary damage to crops and of terror in the home. The animals eat growing fruit, wheat, and maize, and consume the grain stored in stacks. They follow the grain to the mill and the bakery, and eat the flour. They go on to the homes of the people and invade the dwellings in swarms.

#### Farmers Afraid to Sow

Everything that is eatable they eat. When there is no natural food available they attack people asleep in their beds, so that a system of sentries has had to be organised in many homes, man after man, boy after boy, taking turn to sit up and guard his comrades from the nibbles of the hungry rodents.

In some places the seed corn has been eaten out of the ground, in others the young corn has been bitten off as it appeared through the ground, so that farmers are afraid to sow. One man left a bushel of corn overnight in a bag in his stable. Next morning there was not a grain of it left—but there was a bushel of very fat and palpitating mice in its place!

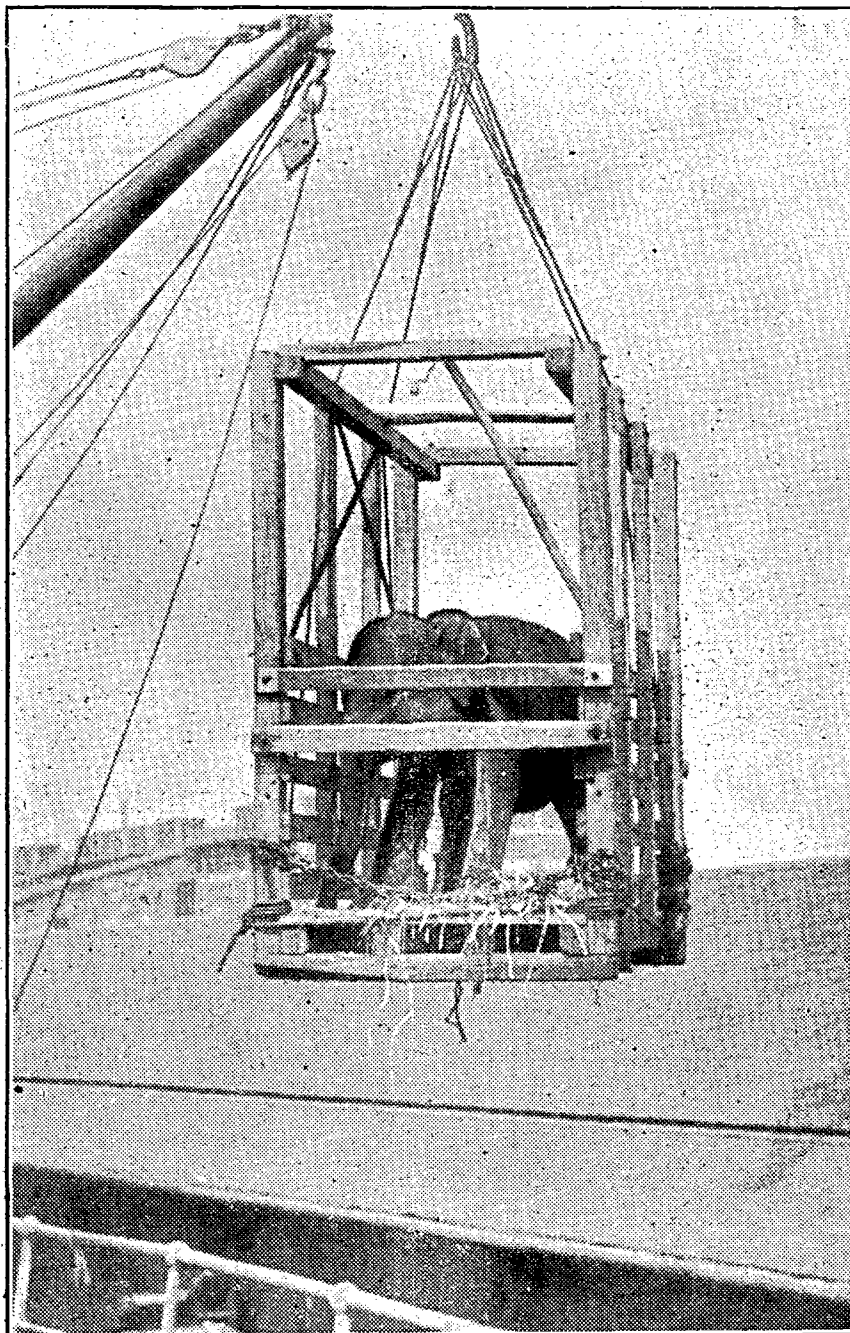
Dogs and cats have grown weary of killing their natural prey, and poison and traps seem to create small reduction of the pest. Something better than these means of destruction will have to be thought out by the inhabitants.

#### The Tides of Life

Apparently they are experiencing one of those unexplained high tides of life which arise in the wilds among lemmings, among certain American hares, among hamsters, field mice, and other creatures in the Old World. They are comparatively harmless away from civilisation, where the wave of excessive life spreads itself far and wide to ruin; but when homes and crops are in the line of march we see conditions like those in New South Wales.

It is the rabbit plague over again, a plague that cost millions and millions of pounds and drove many a farmer to despair. Hundreds of miles of land were wired in, but the swarms came up against the wire in myriads. Checked, they died where they were. But more came on and died, until the heaped-up dead out-topped the barricade, and the last-comers went over the wire, across the bodies stiff and stark against the fences.

### An Elephant Comes to Town



This elephant, which has just arrived in London from the East, though only a baby, needed a very strong frame in which to be swung from the boat to the shore. It seemed perfectly unconcerned while being landed.

### PEASANT AS PRIME MINISTER

#### STAMBULISKI OF BULGARIA

Bold Plain Man Who Says  
Anything He Thinks

#### A SUIT FOR A DANDY

The bold and original speech made by Mr. Alexander Stambuliski, in which he defended the Bulgarian nation against the charge of aggressiveness toward its neighbours, draws attention to the most unusual ruler in the world.

This Prime Minister was a peasant farmer before he took to politics, and has kept both the outlook and the manners of his class.

Cities, he says, are the source of most of the evils of today. He thinks that extreme luxury at one end of the scale breeds Anarchism, Communism, and Bolshevism at the other end.

Luxury is demoralising, Mr. Stambuliski declares. He would not allow anyone to fare sumptuously, to eat off costly china, to drink dear wines.

#### The Premier and the Dandy

He will not have Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, turned into an imitation of New York, Paris, or London. He does not like to see many theatres and picture palaces; he tells the police to keep a sharp eye on all noisy places.

A young man returned from Paris dressed in the latest fashion, and soon had a number of other young men trying to do the same. The peasant Prime Minister sent for him, looked him up and down, and complimented him on his appearance.

"But do you think it is wise," he asked, "to set a bad example by wearing such grand clothes here? Haven't you thought of its demoralising effect?"

Then he took out of a cupboard a rough coat and breeches, such as farmers wear, and begged the young dandy to change into them. He was obeyed.

#### Stifling Liberty of Speech

In his home Mr. Stambuliski is kept in order by his wife, who was a school mistress—a gentle, clever, sweet-natured woman, who has been a great help to her impetuous, impatient husband. But even she has not been able to persuade him to speak quietly in public.

His voice roars; he bellows abuse at his opponents, hurls accusations at them such as: "You are a horse-stealer"; or "Who are you to call me a tyrant, you, who horsewhip your sons and are forcing your daughter to marry a miser?"

Before the Peasant Party came into power he was several times imprisoned for his opinions. Unfortunately this did not teach him the folly of trying to stifle liberty of speech. He uses the same methods against his opponents as they used against him.

Whatever the farmer does or thinks must be right, he asserts, and woe betide anyone who disagrees with him.

### MERCHANT'S ESCAPE FROM THE BANDITS

AN exciting story of escape from bandits comes from Mexico.

An American business man trading in oil, which is found there in vast quantities, was set upon by a gang of desperadoes and carried off to a lonely district.

He was put into a cave, a guard was set over him, and word was sent to his business friends that he would not be released until £2000 was paid.

The captive did not sleep at night in his cave, but he discovered that his guards did; so he very quietly crept past them and got out into the open. He was in a desert, where cactus trees grew with painful thorns, and he had a difficult time in the dark.

Just as day was breaking he heard distant shouts. The bandits had found

out that he had escaped them, and were on his track. He hurried on till he came to a high cliff with a river beneath.

He looked at the water far below, he looked around and heard his pursuers getting nearer, then he mastered his fears and plunged in. Fortunately, the water was deep, and he was not hurt. When he came to the surface he swam across, and there, on the opposite bank, he felt safe.

He made for a little town not far off, and there met two officials of his oil company, who were on their way to ransom him. The £2000 was, therefore, not paid after all.

The American Government is insisting to the Mexican Government that brigandage shall be put down.

## THE SANITY OF LABOUR

### NOTHING TO DO WITH COMMUNISM

#### Great Common-Sense Vote Against Anarchy

#### TWELVE TO ONE

By a Political Correspondent

Labour has a party in politics now which is equal in numbers to the great historic parties, and it is considered not unlikely that before long the Labour group may be the largest of any in Parliament.

That does not mean of necessity a Labour Government, for other groups might again combine, as they are combining at present, to prevent Labour Ministers from taking office. But, at all events, the opinions represented by the Labour Party are well worth studying, as they are the opinions of a very large number of the people of this country.

#### Good Sense Prevails

Labour is often taunted with holding extreme views, with advocating measures of violence, with being revolutionary in the bad sense. But, however much colour may be lent to such accusations by the speeches or acts of individuals, the good sense of the majority invariably prevails when there comes a straight fight with the "wild men," or revolutionary element in the party.

No one who has watched its history had any doubt that the Labour Party as a whole would reject the proposal to admit Communists. Communism has few followers. Those few make a noise and seem to be more important than they are. But they carry a very small number with them in their preference for a violent revolution instead of change by lawful methods.

#### The Way of Life

Government of the people by the majority of the people is the form of government which the vast mass of the Labour Party favours, believing that the people should be allowed to decide their own destinies, and that any kind of autocracy is objectionable; whether it be that of despot or demagogue makes no difference.

Communism as a way of life—that is to say, holding all things in common, letting every man, woman, and child have a fair share of all there is to have—is quite distinct from political communism. It was practised by the Apostles according to the commandment of Christ; and it has been the ideal held up to admiration by many of the world's greatest teachers.

#### Big Majority for Sane Thinking

Political communism is professed by those who believe that there must be a class war before society can be improved; that Parliamentary means are useless; that force must be used to expel the present holders of office and to upset the present social system; and that for some years, at any rate, all discussion must be forbidden, all liberty of speech and printing suppressed.

The Labour Party have always maintained that people who hold such political views cannot honestly accept the Labour Programme, and this was affirmed at Edinburgh by 3,086,000 votes against 261,000, a majority of nearly twelve to one.

Thus sanity prevailed once more, as it invariably does when Labour has to choose between wild theory and the methods which have brought it to its present commanding position. So may it always be!

## POOR IRELAND

### HARD ROAD TO FREEDOM

#### The Red Fool-Fury in the Streets of Dublin

#### INSANITY OF THE REBELS

How hard the road to freedom is events in Ireland have been showing us.

History tells us of the struggles and bloodshed that have almost always accompanied the efforts of nations to win their liberty and govern themselves. Those who have not learned their lesson from history are learning it now from their daily newspapers.

To those who look on from a distance at the battles which have turned large parts of Dublin into heaps of ruins, the Republicans appear to be madmen. Their leader, De Valera, twice accepted the arrangement which kept Ireland part of the British Commonwealth. Unhappily, he had not sufficient sense or strength of character to maintain this attitude. For nothing real, for nothing that could add to, or take away from, the well-being of a single Irishman, he and his frenzied followers plunged Dublin into civil war.

#### A Great Library Lost

The results are what war, the "red fool-fury," as Tennyson called it, always brings with it. Many have been killed, many buildings have been destroyed; the Law Courts have been blown up, and the principal street of Dublin has been turned into a battlefield. The one good effect of this last and worst insanity on the part of the irreconcilables is that all decent, sensible Irish people have been sickened of them.

The destruction of the Law Courts involved the burning of a very valuable library of 40,000 volumes of ancient records similar to the English Domesday Book, of numbers of wills—the loss of which may cause incalculable inconvenience, suffering, and litigation—of documents dating back as far as the eleventh century.

The Post Office destroyed, the Custom House destroyed, the Law Courts destroyed, not to speak of numberless buildings of less interest—poor Dublin! How eagerly the city longs for peace!

#### THE PUREST HONOUR

##### King's Privy Council

#### A QUAIN NATIONAL LINK WITH THE LONG AGO

When it was proposed at the Labour Party's Conference that Labour M.P.s should not accept nomination as Privy Councillors, the Right Hon. Arthur Henderson opposed this, saying "it is the only honour that is pure in all the honours given in this country."

That it is never given for any unworthy reason all agree who know anything of it; but a great many know nothing about it.

There are no duties attached to this distinction. It carries with it the prefix Right Honourable, but it carries nothing else. Long ago the king's Privy Council was the body of advisers upon whose assistance the king relied. When the power passed from the king to the Cabinet, the Privy Council gradually ceased to be anything more than an interesting survival.

There is a great deal of discussion going on about titles. It has been asserted in Parliament that they are openly sold—£10,000 for knighthoods, £40,000 for baronetcies, and larger sums for peerages; but no one has ever questioned the purity of the Privy Councillorship; it is a reward for hard work in public life. It would be a pity to abolish it, and the Labour Party decided by a very large vote that they did not want it abolished.

## DREAMS OF AN EXILE

### HOW THEY HAVE COME TRUE

#### Prime Minister's Eloquent Tribute to Mazzini

#### MAN WHO MADE ITALY FREE

Mr. Lloyd George has been paying an eloquent tribute to Mazzini, the man who led the way to freedom for Italy, the intellectual founder of the Italian nation. We gladly quote these lines of the Prime Minister:

The glittering imperial fabric reared by Bismarck is humbled in the dust, but the dreams of this young man, who came over as an exile to England and lived in poverty here for years, dependent on the charity of friends, and armed only with a pen, have now become startling realities throughout the whole Continent.

He taught not merely the rights of a nation: he taught the rights of other nations—not merely the right of your own nation to be free, but the right of the next nation to be equally free.

His was an age of fierce hatreds. I wish I could say this was not an age of fierce hatreds also. Mazzini said you can build nothing that lasts upon hate. Hate, he said, will destroy ultimately the very thing that you love.

Now, more than ever, it is worth reminding the world of the whole of his teaching, for there is a real peril that nations, having won freedom for themselves, should indulge in suspicions, dislikes, detestations, anger, greed, hatreds.

#### Dangers of Victory

Standing on the watch-tower, as I have done now for five or six years, I say solemnly that if that goes on their freedom will be torn from them in some tumult which they themselves have brought upon Europe and the world.

I read Mazzini when I was young; I am glad that this meeting has been an inducement for me to start re-reading him. Joseph Mazzini, dead fifty years and lying in Italian soil, is written for this hour. Listen to this phrase—and I ask all those who have special dealings with the difficulties of Europe to think how true this phrase is: "The morrow of the victory has more perils than its eve." The day after the victory is more dangerous than the day before it.

How true that is! It is not the spirit of gratitude for freedom; it is the spirit of pride that is the danger.

#### BOY'S ENERGY MAKES A FORTUNE

##### £250,000 Before He Was 20

A Scottish M.P. who is opposing the Bill which would prevent boys under seventeen from selling newspapers in Scotland, even if they buy the papers themselves, told in the House of Commons a story of a Scottish boy who, by enterprise and energy (which he thinks this Bill would discourage), made a quarter of a million pounds before he was twenty.

This boy's parents had gone to one of the Dominions. His father died; his mother was very poor. To help her he got up early and took milk round before he went to school, and after school hours he sold papers. By the time he was twelve he had made up his mind to be a compositor, and went into a printing office to learn the trade.

But in a few years he had the opportunity to join a party which was going to search for minerals. He took this chance, and got hold of a valuable piece of land which he sold to a mining company in London for £250,000.

It would be interesting to know what he did with his money.

## THE AMBASSADOR OF HAPPINESS

### WHY THE BOYS LOVED A MASTER

#### Booker of Eton and His Amazing Knowledge of Trains

#### A LIVING TIME-TABLE

We most gladly reprint this tribute to a master of Eton—Mr. R. P. L. Booker—whose life on earth closed not very long ago. These notes on a good man's life are from one who knew him well, writing in the College Chronicle.

His colleagues, his pupils, the boys in his divisions, cherish many a memory of his deliciously quaint turns of speech and his lightning repartees.

As a teacher he combined instruction and wit to an unprecedented degree; and the reports, to which his very distinct writing lent an additional charm, were exactly like his spoken words.

He obtained a scholarship at Winchester at an early age. It is a tradition that he owed his success largely to his knowledge of railways, whereby he wrote down all the stations on the G.W.R. main line. But that subject was far from being the only one which he had made his own at the age of twelve, for he had also by then drawn up a map of all the Roman roads known to exist in England.

#### A Queer Examination

Two stories about trains may here be given. A colleague was inquiring how to get to a remote temple in Sicily. The answer came instantaneously: "Of course, you will start from Palermo. The best train is the 3.20 a.m. to Castellamare. If you think that's too early, there's one at 6.45 a.m."

A boy once said, "Please, sir, is it true that you know all the trains in Bradshaw? Do let me hear you say some!" And the boy put him on at some place or other, and his tutor rolled out name after name and the times to match. At last he put in a place at which the boy raised a cry of exultation, "That's wrong!" "Ass!" returned his tutor. "If you will kindly look at the bottom of the page, you'll see that a train stops there on Tuesday. It happens to be market-day."

He loved the country, and the two years which intervened between the relinquishment of his House and his death were spent in deep contentment.

To be in his company was a sovereign remedy against depression. Any colleague who travelled with him remembers his high spirits, his stores of knowledge, and his flow of wit.

When all is said, it is the friend that we have lost. He was the ambassador of happiness, and "that stroke of death," if an English classic may be quoted, has assuredly "impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

#### WAS THE PRIME MINISTER RIGHT?

##### Or is the C.N. Monthly Right?

Mr. Lloyd George said the other day that Mazzini was the Father of the idea of the League of Nations. Is the Prime Minister right or wrong?

The C.N. monthly has already shown that the idea of a league of nations for securing peace was advocated and carried out by Hiawatha; and in the new number of My Magazine, in an article on Paris, Arthur Mee takes us for a peep into the room where Victor Hugo died; and there, in the handwriting of that immortal man, we find words which are verily the anticipation of the League of Nations.

The fact is that the conception of the League of Nations is in the natural heart of man, and whether any individual can be credited with its original suggestion is greatly to be doubted. In any case, the suggestion of a League of Nations was made long before Mazzini, great as was his influence in hastening on its realisation.

## SEEING THE ATOM WORK

### A STEP TOWARD THE IMPOSSIBLE

How the Kinema Helps the Imagination

#### A REMARKABLE FILM

We are all familiar today with the accepted theory that the atom of hydrogen, the lightest atom known, consists of an electron—a negatively-charged particle of electricity—revolving round a central charge of positive electricity, called the proton.

The proton has a mass about 1800 times greater than that of the electron, and in it is concentrated the mysterious energy which compels the electron to keep flying round its orbit at a tremendous speed, and so to retain the properties of the element.

But what would such an atom look like if we could see it? Probably for all time this will be left to the imagination; yet so far has science marched forward in the last few years that we know an astonishing amount about these atoms, and can even turn portions of a highly-organised atom of one element into another simpler one.

#### Magnified Billions of Times

The wonderful research laboratories of the General Electric Company in Schenectady, which recently invented a generator that will produce a current of a million volts, have, after the most elaborate preparations, produced a kinematograph film, with the help of working models, which shows the atom, magnified billions of times, at work on the screen.

It is not a real atom, of course, for no microscope can ever be made to magnify a drop of water to the size of the earth, when an atom would look about the size of a cricket ball! But scientific men have agreed among themselves as to what is actually happening within the atom, and their agreed ideas are depicted in this remarkable film, which we shall no doubt see in this country very soon.

The molecule—the simplest combination of atoms of any substance that can exist in a free state—the atom itself, and the revolutions of the electrons around their nucleus, have all been made to act their part in this wonder film, which has been called "Beyond the Microscope." It should prove of great educational importance at a time when the innermost secrets of matter are being revealed by the world's leading scientific men.

#### A DOG'S VIGIL

##### Bounce and the Eggs

This note of a dog's vigil comes from a reader on a Kent hilltop.

Bounce, my fat, lazy spaniel, is rarely given credit for any intelligence, except perhaps for his very keen nose. He sometimes surprises us all, however, by his unexpected good conduct.

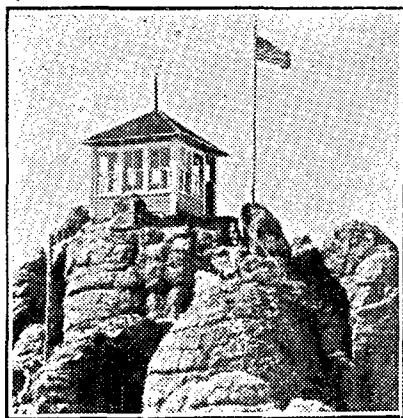
He spends his days in the paddock, where the hens roam, and when anyone goes near the gate Bounce makes a wild stampede to get out.

One day our attention was attracted to him because, instead of running to greet us as usual, he remained lying down in the grass. When we called him he came reluctantly, and after receiving a friendly pat he made haste back to the spot where he had been sitting. We took no more notice of him until we were about to leave the paddock after having fed the hens; then he became restless, and began to whine.

So we went to him, and found that he was guarding an egg, laid there instead of in the proper place.

During the very hot weather he has been even more clever; he has picked the eggs up, and carried them into a shady spot on some paving; and there he has lain, perhaps for hours, watching the eggs and saving them from destruction by the hens.

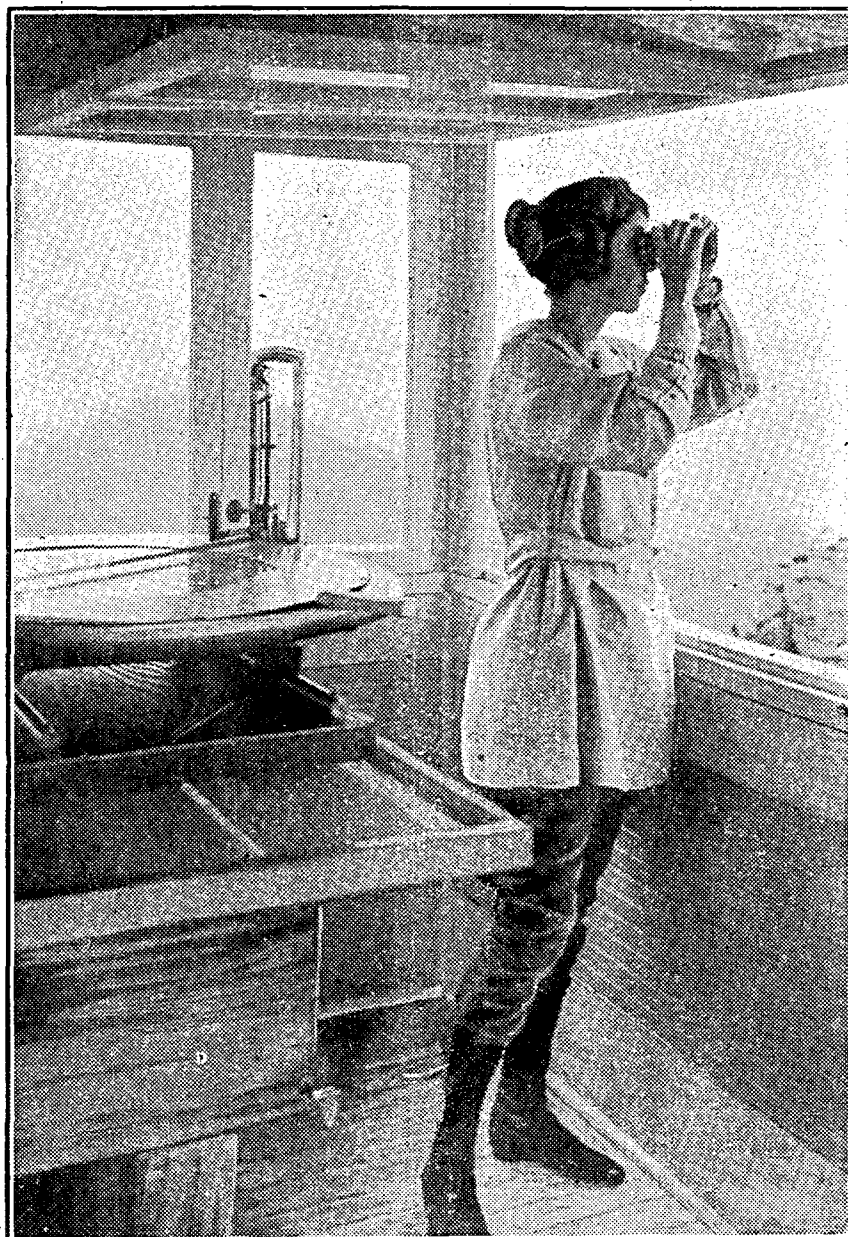
## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL OF THE FOREST



The forest watch-tower



A forest fire at night



Miss Helen Dowe, the forest guardian, on the look-out



Stamping out a fire located by Miss Dowe

To detect forest fires and stamp them out before they have done much damage the United States Government employs a large staff of watchers. One of the most efficient of these is a lady, Miss Helen Dowe, here seen in her watch-tower in the Pike National Forest, with the instrument that enables her to decide how far away a fire may be

## GIVING A NATION WHAT IT WANTS

### FAIRER ELECTIONS

Ireland Shows the Way to a Good Thing

#### INJUSTICE OF THE LAW

By a Special Correspondent

The Irish Election was the first General Election in the United Kingdom based on the system of what is known as Proportional Representation.

There is increasing dissatisfaction with the present method of returning members to Parliament. The C.N. has nothing to do with party politics, but it is interested in securing fair play for all parties, and the present system of counting votes is anything but fair.

When an election is held the voters have the right to give their vote by secret ballot to any person, man or woman, who is properly nominated.

#### Majorities and Minorities

There can be any number of candidates in one constituency, but usually there are only two or three, each representing one of the great parties in the State. If we call these parties Black, White, and Grey, we have the right to give our vote to the Black, the White, or the Grey candidate. Then the votes are counted.

Suppose at the election at Redtown the result comes out like this: Black, 10,200; White, 10,100; Grey, 9500. In that case, under the law as it stands, Black is declared elected.

If we think about this we see that, although Black becomes M.P. for Redtown, he represents only a minority of the constituents, and not a majority. White and Grey together polled 19,600 votes, so that by a majority of 9400 Redtown declared that it did not want Black. Yet Black is elected.

#### Proportional Representation

Such a result often occurs in actual practice. Also it may occur in a large number of constituencies, so that the members returned may misrepresent the opinion of the country. A small majority for one party in a large number of places leads to the complete loss of representation of millions of voters. Rarely or never does the result of a General Election, represent in Parliament the real division of opinion in the country.

Thus, if we take the last General Election, held in 1918, the result for the contested constituencies in Great Britain, excluding universities, was:

|                 | Votes     | M.P.s |
|-----------------|-----------|-------|
| Coalition Party | 5,564,318 | 428   |
| Other Parties   | 4,132,912 | 81    |

Here we see in actual practice that the one party secured 428 Members of Parliament with 5,564,318 votes, while all the other parties, with 4,132,912 votes, returned only 81 members.

Many members of all parties greatly dislike these unfortunate results, which are out of proportion to public opinion. They have, therefore, formed a society with the object of securing Proportional Representation, the idea of which is that each party should be represented in the House of Commons by a number of members fairly proportioned to its strength as shown in the voting.

#### An Example from Ireland

The society has shown quite plainly, not only by argument, but by model elections, that it is not difficult to arrange larger constituencies, each returning several members, and to secure that each party is fairly represented according to its strength. Thus, if we imagine a town to consist of Blacks and Whites in the proportion of two Blacks to every one White, the proportional method would send to Parliament two Black members and one White member, whereas our present method would send one Black member, and leave the Whites entirely unrepresented.

In many places abroad Proportional Representation is being adopted, and it is interesting to see that it has worked very well in Ireland.

## MONEY UPSIDE DOWN WHAT IS HAPPENING IN CENTRAL EUROPE

Curiosities of the Rise and Fall  
of Currency

### A FORTUNE FOR TEN POUNDS

We English grumble a great deal about our Government, but we have a good deal to be thankful for. Our national finances during the war, and since, have been better managed than those of any country in Europe.

We have paid our way more scrupulously than any. We have taxed ourselves to pay our bills instead of printing enormous quantities of notes and putting them in circulation, and so lowering the value of our money. The lengths to which several countries have gone in manufacturing money are illustrated by many stories, more or less true.

An Englishman is said to have changed a five-pound note into French money, and was surprised to get so many francs for it—more than twice as many as he got before the war. Then he changed his francs into German marks, and had to carry them in a handbag.

### Trainload of Money

Next he bought Polish marks, and received so many that he wheeled them away in a perambulator. The Polish marks he changed into Austrian kronen, and then needed a pantechijon van to put them in. Finally he bought with the Austrian kronen so many Russian roubles that they filled a long train!

That is really not so very wild an exaggeration. Russia is worse off in this way than any country in Europe, for Russia's new rulers deliberately set themselves to lower the value of roubles by printing them in vast quantities.

Their object was to show the foolishness of money.

A bank-note ought to be a promise to pay. If the British Government could pay off all the holders of its notes in gold sovereigns our pound would be worth as much as it was before the war.

### A Waiter's Surprise

The French franc is worth only a half of its former value, the German mark about an eightieth, the Austrian krone less than a three-thousandth, the Russian rouble a hundred-thousandth! This is because the note currencies of these States have been so increased that their Governments have no hope of redeeming them.

As a consequence, the amount of currency, or goods, which can be purchased for British or American money, both of which have kept up their value fairly well, is bewildering.

An American dining in a Vienna restaurant gave the waiter in payment of the bill a twenty-dollar gold piece—about four times the size of a sovereign. The waiter looked at it in amazement, took it to the proprietor, and then came back and said, "I am to give you as much change as you desire."

### Paupers and Millionaires

Just before the war a Hungarian asked a friend in England to buy him certain articles which would cost altogether about £10. He sent 240 Hungarian kronen, which then equalled that amount. Before the articles could be bought war broke out. Only lately did the Hungarian's present address become known to his friend. The Englishman sent him £10—which he changed into 46,000 kronen!

Peasants who buried their gold and silver coins when metal money grew scarce have been able to buy with them immense sums of paper money.

But there are more paupers than millionaires today. Set against all this the sad plight of an old couple who lived on an income of 10,000 kronen derived from an investment. It was worth £400 in our money, and they lived in comfort. Today it is worth three shillings, and they are in dire distress.

## NOT ENOUGH HELIUM FOR AN AIRSHIP Rare Gas Used Only for Flying

### THE FACTS ABOUT THE ROMA

Very few people have any idea of the true facts about the world's supply of helium gas.

When the Italian airship Roma, bought by the United States, was destroyed by fire it was stated in the newspapers of America and the rest of the world that the authorities had first filled it with helium, then taken this out, and filled it with hydrogen for its trip.

Major H. M. Hickam, Chief of the Information Division of the United States Air Service, now tells the true facts. The Roma never was filled with helium, and no airship of any kind anywhere has ever been filled with that gas except a small blimp, the C7.

The total amount of helium recovered up to date is only 2,300,000 cubic feet, and this is divided about equally between the American Army and Navy. The Army, who were carrying out experiments with the Roma, did not, therefore, possess enough helium to fill the airship, so they had no alternative but to use hydrogen.

The Roma, Major Hickam explains, was designed and built for use with hydrogen, and if helium had been substituted the craft would have operated under conditions never contemplated by its builders, and many difficult problems would have arisen. Such a course would have been courting trouble.

To be used with helium an airship must be built specially for the purpose. As the supply of helium in the world is extremely limited it would be impossible for even the United States, which has practically a monopoly of the gas, to plan any considerable number of airships for use with helium.

## WIRELESS IN THE STORM Warning to Amateurs

One stormy night, a few summers ago, a wireless operator fell asleep while listening-in.

He was suddenly awakened by a loud crash, and saw a sheet of dazzling blue flame playing across the instruments. The installation had been struck by lightning, all the vital parts destroyed, and the operator was temporarily paralysed by a severe shock.

That is an experience which may happen if wireless outfits are set up without safeguards against lightning. Wireless aërials are excellent conductors for discharges, and if the electricity can find an easy path to earth there will be little risk. But if its path is interrupted by a bad conductor, such as wood or stone, or the delicate windings of wireless instruments which are too small to give it easy passage, trouble is likely.

It is easy to tell when a thunderstorm is near, for the atmospheric disturbances in the telephones become heavier and more frequent. They are due to electrical commotions in the air, and it is a wise plan at such a time to connect the aerial to earth, which can be done with a switch arranged so as to "cut out" the instruments. This switch should always be left in contact with earth when the set is not in use.

## BLACKBIRD AT SCHOOL A Nest Under Observation

During the holidays a blackbird built its nest in the girls' shelter of the Turves School, Whittlesey.

The children were pledged to leave the birds undisturbed, and when the incident was reported to the C.N., the eggs were being hatched out in a nest within easy reach of the children.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



There are now about ten thousand amateur wireless sets in this country.

A stone dropped down a pit-shaft in Glamorganshire recently killed a man.

Eight men named Baker, none related to another, lately served on a jury at Bow County Court.

It is claimed that the saving by the use of gas mantles during the war equalled 36 million tons of coal.

A proposed grouping of British railways, affecting 120 lines, is expected to save over a million pounds a week.

### Oil Pipe Between Two Oceans

The largest oil pipe in the world is being laid to cross the isthmus of Tehuantepec, and will connect two oceans.

### The World's Motors

It is estimated that there are now 12,588,949 motor vehicles in operation in the world, and of these over 10,500,000 are in the United States.

### Worth It

By leaving out the word Esquire after the names of members on printed documents Marylebone Board of Guardians will save £20 a year.

### Scrap

The much-boomed German submarine Deutschland, which created a sensation during the war by going to America, has just been sold as scrap for £200.

### Man's Marvellous Escape

A window-cleaner in New York fell from a fifth-storey window on to the leather roof of an automobile, and escaped with only slight injuries.

### The Lucky Box

Two boys at Ellesmere Port, near Birkenhead, playing at hiding the lucky stone, came upon an old tin box buried in the earth and containing £25 in gold.

### A Hawker's Pet

A fruit hawker at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, goes round to his customers with a fox cub on his shoulder. He has trained it as a pet and watch-dog.

### A Goat at Cricket

A legless boy plays cricket regularly for a club at Coonamble, in New South Wales. He sits in a goat-cart, and when he hits a ball his goat wheels round and starts to run.

### The Busy Man

In a Buckinghamshire hamlet, Luffield Abbey, there is only one ratepayer, who elects himself overseer once a year, and then appoints himself to collect the rates from himself.

### When the Lights Went Out

The lights went out while a surgeon in an Ohio town was performing a delicate operation. Eight flashlights were requisitioned, and the operation was successfully completed.

### A Bright Pole

A bronze medal offered in New York for the best patriotic essay has been won by an essay on George Washington, written by a Polish immigrant who knew no English when he arrived in America a year ago.

### A Good Idea from Scotland

A C.N. reader, referring to the round prison Illinois has decided to build, reminds us that Edinburgh has had one of these prisons for some time now. So that Scotland, and not America, must be given credit for this idea.

### Who Sent It?

Information is still lacking as to who sent to the War Office in the early months of the war a ton of toffee for distribution among soldiers. The toffee was eaten by 10,000 men. The War Office would be glad to know the giver's name.

### The Wreck of the Wiltshire—A Correction

The steamship Wiltshire, which was wrecked dramatically in Southern waters, as described in No. 171 of the C.N., went ashore on Barrier Island, off the north coast of New Zealand, and not, as stated, on the Great Barrier Reef, off the Queensland coast.

## SCOUTS OF ALBANIA British Lady's Good Work CITIZEN-MAKING IN A WILD COUNTRY

No clearer proof could be given of the universal interest felt in the Scout movement than the fact that a troop has been formed in Albania, and has already been recruited up to 600 members.

The originator of the movement in Albania was Miss Moseley-Williams, a British resident in Tirana. Knowing how much the Scout system has done to make British and other boys healthy and manly, with a love for an active country life, it occurred to Miss Williams that Albania, a mountainous country with a hardy and freedom-loving population, was just the place where such a movement might take root.

Owing to the Turkish influence which still prevails, progress in all things, especially education, is slow, though the Albanian children are very intelligent.

An Albanian boy's idea of spending a holiday is to waste his time, in true Turkish fashion, sitting cross-legged over a charcoal brazier, inhaling the fumes, in a dark room without windows. There he sits sipping his Turkish coffee, smoking cigarette after cigarette, talking to men doing the same thing.

### Learning the Scout Songs

Most of our English boys spend their holiday out of doors learning to know and love Nature, breathing fresh air, developing themselves physically, playing games, and learning to help one another and to become useful citizens.

It was this great contrast that made Miss Williams long to start the Boy Scout Movement in Albania. She got together a few boys, and told them about the English Boy Scouts. She took them for walks, played games with them, and taught them Scout songs. The boys became enthusiastic, and later on she was able to buy Scout uniforms.

She bought them two drums and two bugles, which they now play very well, and they marched into Tirana, the capital of Albania, when for the first time the Albanian people saw Albanian Scouts. The Government have provided a club-room, accommodation for physical training, an instructor for the boys, and £5 a month toward expenses.

It is an excellent movement, and reflects great credit on the enterprising lady who started it.

## WHY NOT HAVE A SCHOOL-DOG?

### A Warwickshire Example

The headmistress of Halford, Shipston-on-Stowe, a Warwickshire county school, tells how they have at the school a school-dog, a fox terrier, whose life the mistress saved eight years ago. A school-dog is an idea that, under suitable conditions, is worth consideration.

For eight years the dog has been present at all school attendances, lying on a cushion placed on a chair, and called her throne. Except when not well she has never been absent, and she is devoted to the children.

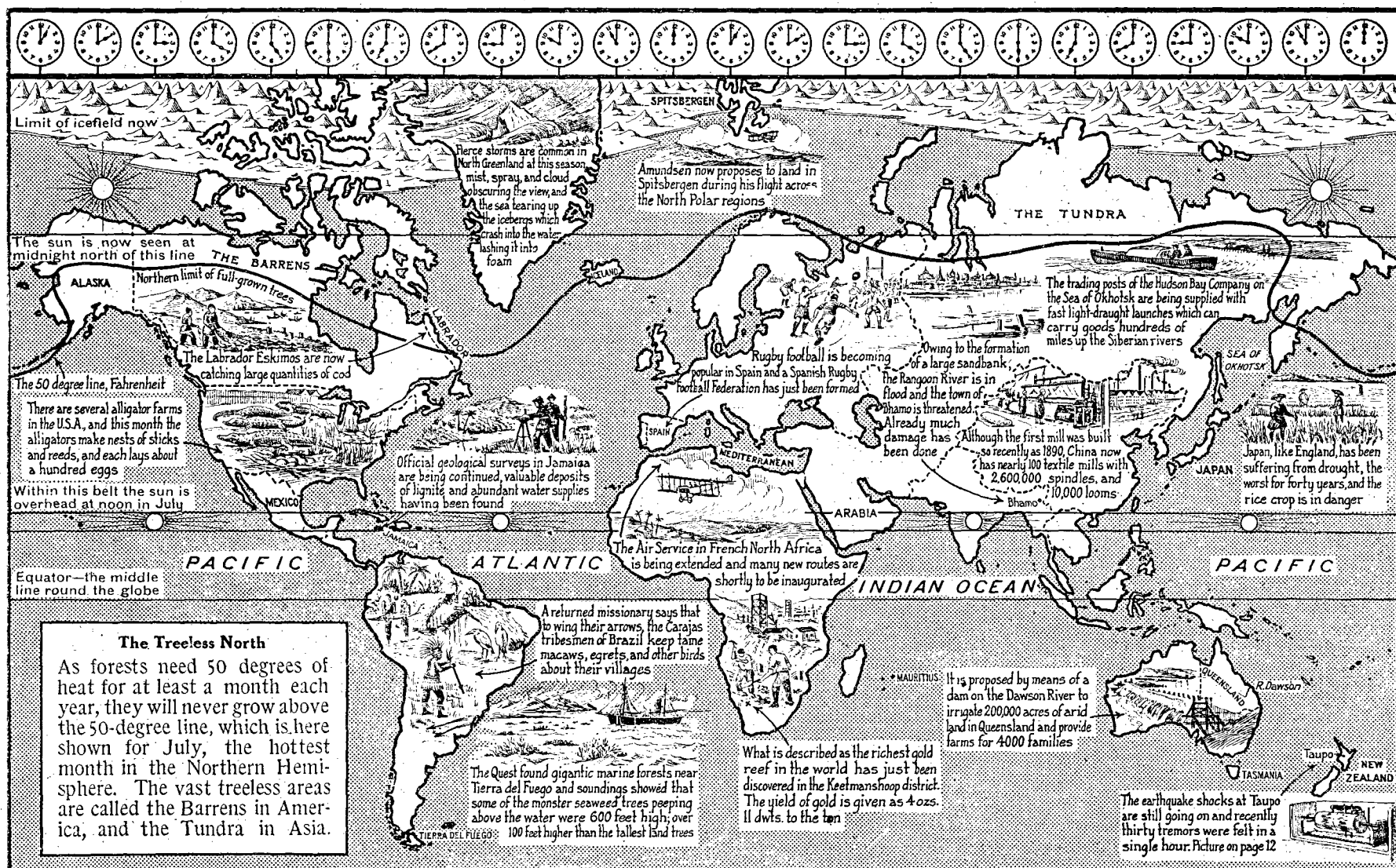
During the eight years she has made about 3360 attendances. She accompanies the school in all its expeditions, and her birthday is observed by hoisting a flag and having a tea-party. She has been an excellent means of teaching kindness to animals, and all the children are devoted to her.

## RE-FORESTING EUROPE Seeds From America

Great numbers of tree seeds are being sent from America to renew forests destroyed in Europe during the war.

Over twenty-five million seeds have been sent from the Pacific Coast, to England alone, the majority being Douglas fir, Sitka spruce, and larch.

## PICTURE-NEWS &amp; TIME MAP SHOWING THE TREELESS AREAS OF THE NORTH



## B.P.'s LITTLE BOOK

## A Fine Thing for Boys

Rovering to Success. By Sir Robert Baden-Powell. Herbert Jenkins. 2s. 6d. net.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell is starting an addition to the Scout movement, and calling it The Rover Brotherhood. It is for youths of 17 years old and over. It is a brotherhood of the open air and of service to others.

In connection with it he has written this book of "life-sport for young men," and has illustrated it himself with sixty drawings. It is a guide to success; and the only true success, Sir Robert thinks, is manly happiness.

It is an outspoken, clean, manly book, that may do infinite good to many, and cannot do harm to anyone. It discusses frankly the problems that confront every boy as he passes into manhood. Besides giving his own advice, which is always clean, sound and stimulating, Sir Robert names a number of books that every young man should read.

To this breezy, practical, fine-spirited volume we can give unreserved commendation. Every young man should take this book as a text-book of life.

## THE OLD LADY IN OXFORD STREET

## How to Quieten a Horse

A C.N. reader, shopping in Oxford Street the other day, sends us this note.

Was there ever a city of stranger sights than London? One day last week a big dray-horse became restive in the midst of a traffic hold-up in Oxford Street. An old lady was walking along the pavement. She fumbled in her hand-bag, produced a piece of cake, and, stepping out into the road, fed the horse with it, piece by piece, while the driver and crowd looked on.

Then, having quietened the animal, the old lady went her way, as if she fed horses in Oxford Street every day!

## A TRIBAL TREASURE

## 120 Dogs to Make an Ornament

A remarkable ornament recently procured at Rabaul, New Britain, thought to be an heirloom worn by tribal chiefs, consists of over 500 canine teeth of the island dogs; and, as each animal only possesses four of these teeth, over 120 dogs must have shared in its making.

The teeth are attached to plaited fibres, and form a breast ornament, from which hang pendants of shells and more teeth.

## FROM BAD USE TO GOOD

## Mineral Which Makes Soap

A mineral known as bentonite, which until now has been regarded as practically worthless, has been found to make a good substitute for the materials used in soap-making, and a saving of half the fats and chemicals at present used can be effected.

It has so far been employed chiefly for adulterating sweets, but it will now find a better use by saving the fat used in soap-making.

## In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

|                                |       |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| An Australian merino ram       | £4305 |
| A large Worcester vase         | £2730 |
| A 15th-century bronze knocker  | £2362 |
| A small Paduan bronze panther  | £1732 |
| A 15th-century velvet cope     | £510  |
| Three old English beakers      | £441  |
| A small enamelled window light | £390  |
| An old English gold snuff-box  | £304  |
| A lead figure of Peter Pan     | £241  |
| Queen Anne's state bedstead    | £160  |
| A letter of Shelley            | £142  |
| Two lacquered chairs           | £105  |
| A Chippendale mahogany chest   | £90   |
| A French one-franc stamp, 1849 | £42   |
| A letter of Laurence Sterne    | £33   |
| A letter of David Garrick      | £26   |
| A lock of Napoleon's hair      | £3    |

## NEW USE FOR THE KINEMA

## Watching the Rails as the Trains Pass

The kinema is being put to a new and practical use. It is now used to detect the extent to which the rails are deformed when a heavy train passes over them.

Moving pictures are taken as the train goes by, and enlargements are afterwards made in which the depression or distortion of the rail under the wheels of the locomotive can be seen.

From these the stresses in the metal can be gauged. The kinema will thus be a very useful auxiliary to the railway engineer when he is laying a new track.

## BABY'S FINGER-PRINTS

## A Great Reform

The New York City Health Department has just inaugurated a very great reform by putting into force a regulation under which babies are to have their finger-prints taken and attached to their birth certificates.

This practice will be of the utmost value in safeguarding the lives of children, in finding them when they are lost, discovering their parents if they should be abandoned, and making identity easy in any case of emergency.

It would be a very useful thing if all countries would follow the admirable example of New York.

## KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL

## Travelling Libraries

It would have pleased Andrew Carnegie to see the latest branches of his libraries in Minnesota.

Ford vans have been fitted up with bookshelves, and assigned to special routes in rural districts, so that people unable to get access to a library have one brought to their doors. A chauffeur and a librarian accompany each of these travelling libraries.

## NEVER WRONG

## Hotel Man's Kind Thought

The City of New York now has the largest hotel in the world.

This hotel, with its 2200 rooms and 2200 baths, is an engineering marvel. But far more interesting than this is the story of the man who brought it into being, Mr. E. M. Statler.

Not very long ago Mr. Statler was a boots in a Buffalo hotel; but he has fought his way to the top, till now he owns seven of the largest hotels in the United States.

He has two mottoes in his business. Here they are:

A guest is never wrong  
Every room with a bath

We like the happy thought of the guest who is never wrong.

## MORE OIL IN BRITAIN

## Our Second Well

A second discovery of oil has been made in Great Britain--this time at D'Arcy, in Scotland.

The oil is a type of paraffin, containing about one-sixth part of its volume of petrol. It is not a shale oil, like the surface oil already obtained in Scotland, but a subterranean mineral oil, for which the earth has had to be drilled.

There are thus now two oil-wells in Great Britain, the one at Hardstoft, which has been giving a steady yield for many months, and the other at D'Arcy.

This second discovery shows that the search for oil at home is by no means useless, and there is no reason why valuable supplies should not be discovered as the result of further study.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

|             |                  |
|-------------|------------------|
| Antigone    | An-tig-o-nee     |
| Bacillus    | Ba-sil-luss      |
| Minnesota   | Min-ne-so-tah    |
| Paduan      | Pad-u-an         |
| Pliny       | Plin-ee          |
| Sophocles   | Sof-o-kleez      |
| Stambuliski | Stam-bo-lee-skee |
| Tirana      | Tee-rah-nah      |
| Trajan      | Tray-jan         |

## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 15 1922

## The Game

THERE is a phrase we hear used frequently by all kinds of people. It is "Be a Sport."

Mothers say it to little boys who have to sit in the dentist's chair. Fathers say it to little girls who pout over their lessons and say they are too difficult. It is applied in all sorts of circumstances, to every sort of danger or difficulty. What does it mean?

Most of us would answer, say at once, that it means playing the game; but what is playing the game? How is it that this phrase has come to be one of the great phrases of our language?

The reason is that it enshrines a quality which is characteristically English, that it expresses what we feel in the fibres of our nature, that it puts into easy words our philosophy of life.

Everyone has some philosophy, some way of looking at life. The English way is to regard it as a game to be played for the joy of effort and not for the sake of winning alone. That is what we mean by "Play the game."

We like winning, of course. Everyone does. It is a satisfaction for our pains. But we do not play to win. If we are beaten we cheerfully congratulate our conquerors, and say, "Well, we've had a good game."

If we had a chance to win by a trick or an accident we should not take it. Typical of the British sporting spirit was the sculler at Henley whose opponent upset his boat. The other man was behind. He came up; he could have gone ahead and won the race; but he rested on his sculls till the man in the water righted his boat and got back into it. Then they went on, and the wet man won the race.

That was chivalry, and that was "Being a Sport." What would the victory have been worth in such a case? It would have counted as nothing to one who had been taught to play for the game's sake and never to play to win.

Whether in a game or in the more serious activities of life they are happiest and most popular who always do their best, but enjoy the struggle for its own sake, who smile when they are beaten, and show no conceit when they win.

President Roosevelt, talking over success and failure, once said in his enthusiastic, impressive way, "It's the effort that counts." Upon that he always acted, and he was one of the happiest of men. If you play the game you enjoy it to the full, whatever happens. If you play to win you are more than likely to be over-anxious, nervy, and ill-tempered when you lose.

The life is more than meat, the body more than raiment, the game more than the victory.

Let us play it well.



## Abraham Lincoln Washes His Hands

THERE was once a lawyer in America who appeared before a judge in a case which turned upon the honour of his client. Toward the end of this case the lawyer disappeared.

Where was he? The judge sent for him. He was found in his bedroom at the hotel he was staying at. The messenger gave him the judge's command to return to court.

"Tell the judge," said the lawyer, "that my hands are dirty. I came over to wash them."

His name was Abraham Lincoln.

He had discovered that his client was not a straight man, that his case was not a true case, that he had been deceived by this client and made to touch a matter which defiled him because it was false.

If all the advocates of bad causes, and all counsel for things which are not clean, not true, not right, not helpful, were as sensitive to dirt as Abraham Lincoln, would there be enough soap and water in the world to cleanse their hands?

## Ourselves

PERHAPS we may be forgiven for quoting two things that reach us this week.

One comes from a book by Mrs. Leonora Eyles, a writer whom one of our famous critics, Mr. Clement Shorter, has just been thanking "for having produced in a flippant age a book of extraordinary power." In her new book, "The Woman in the Little House," Mrs. Eyles gives us a picture of the stunted life that many working people live, and then says:

It is of that inspired thing The Children's Newspaper that one hopes such great things. I cannot see the Girl Guides, or the girl who reads the Children's Newspaper, developing into a weary, downtrodden, neurotic married woman, shut in her little house.

Ah! a fine world it will be when all the C.N. readers and all the Girl Guides and all the Boy Scouts are grown up! Bliss will it be to be alive in that great day, with no more stunted working people and no more slums.

The other note that reaches us is from a minister in Wales, a man who does great work for the people there. He writes to us:

I sometimes think that if the Master were with us in our towns and streets the one weekly paper he would buy, read, fold up, and carry about with Him would be the Children's Newspaper.

We cannot hope to deserve fine words like these, but we will go on trying.

## To a Statesman of Old

Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, and in honour clear,  
Who broke no promise, served no private end,  
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.  
POPE

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Why Not?

STRUCK by the statement that half a million gallons of milk go sour on the railways every year, a good lady reader asks why this pitiable waste should be allowed.

We do not know. Why should not the railway companies send all cans containing milk that has gone sour to a cheese factory, and have the milk turned into excellent, nourishing cheese?

It seems a sensible idea—not too sensible, we hope, to be carried out!

## Tip-Cat

THE Postmaster-General's ideal is to have a telephone in every house. He wants to elevate the masses, and see everybody well connected.

STANDING order for boys: Always give up your seat to a lady.

THERE is talk of starting a Policeman's Art Society. So far only one artist has been a Constable.

LONDON, says a countryman, is all dirt and conversation. Londoners complain that the country is all dirt and nobody to talk to.



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

If fancy boxes are made out of plane trees

old, and ask, "What will become of our young people?"

THE Kaiser is to have four dollars a word for a book he has written. His word to Belgium was not worth a cent.

IN the last 18 years, according to a professor, we have moved half-a-mile toward the Equator. We hope the Equator isn't waiting for us.

## Silent Hope

FOR twenty-two years a member of Parliament has sat at Westminster, and during all that time his voice has not once been heard in the House of Commons. His name is Hope, and his example seems to us to be very hopeful.

He is helping to keep the balance even against the efforts of those public chatterboxes who speak a great deal too much, who are scarcely ever silent, and who have caused the House of Commons to be cynically called the Talking Shop. We trust that Mr. Hope has voted regularly and well all these twenty-two years.

## The Poems of Peter Puck

## What Shall We Wear?

THE World's dressing up for its annual attack  
On old Mr. Neptune's domain;  
But the question is not what it wears on its back,  
But what does it take in its brain?

My dear little Neil and my brave little Jack,  
I beg you attend my refrain:  
The question is not what you've got on your back,  
But what have you got in your brain?

DON'T dress like a doll, don't loaf foppish and slack,  
It's only the fool who is vain:  
For the question is not what we put on our back,  
But what we have packed in our brain?

DIogenes wore any handy old sack,  
For truth to his vision was plain:  
The life of a man is not hooked on his back,  
But is tucked in the folds of his brain.

## A Walk in Town

By a City Girl

A City girl, prompted by a Country Girl's praise of the country, sends us an account of how she spends her dinner-hour, in proof of the delightfulness of London.

WALKING, after my lunch, from the City to the Victoria Embankment, I did not notice anything, for I was thinking of what our Country Girl had said about the country. But on reaching the Embankment I saw one of London's most familiar yet sweetest sights—a man feeding the pigeons, and the birds clambering all over him.

Very likely he was a busy man with many worries, but what a soft place he must have in his heart for our town pigeons!

A little farther on something had gone wrong with the tram-lines, and a cluster of men and boys were watching the proceedings with breathless interest. What inquisitive creatures men-folk are! Yet perhaps a great engineer of the future was standing there.

Then I began to think how interesting people are, and how those who were passing me represented the comedies, romances, dramas, and tragedies of our great city.

In the distance was the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament. Did I feel that pile of buildings really belonged to me? Of course I did! I imagined the great statesmen who there have tried to make our England a country worth living in, and are doing so still; and I thought of the men of the future who will make the whole world worthier still.

Crossing to the Embankment Gardens I saw girls sitting there doing crochet work, others reading, and some folks dozing—all forgetting the City's bustle in this shady spot.

One more incident as I returned Cityward. I saw a scavenger boy pausing in his work to polish the metal letters on the front of his cap. Even boys who sweep up the dirt like to look smart, you see.

July 15, 1922

## The Children's Newspaper

7

A CRY FROM OLD  
ROMEWHAT SHALL I DO WITH  
THESE CHRISTIANS?Half a Lifetime Spent on  
Famous Letters

## GENEROSITY OF TRAJAN

A labour of loving scholarship has been completed by Professor Elmer Merrill, of Chicago University.

After thirty-five years of work he has brought out a very notable edition of the Letters of the Younger Pliny, a man who lived through the closing years of the Caesars, witnessed the horrors of Nero, and served under Trajan. Brought up by his uncle, Pliny the Elder, one of the greatest of ancient scientific authors, the younger Pliny stands among the most celebrated of letter-writers.

His uncle perished that night when Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed by Vesuvius, and Pliny wrote the only account of the disaster that survives from a man who passed through it. Many editions of his letters exist, but it is said that they contain serious errors; and Professor Merrill has given half his life to tracing the work back to the oldest-known versions and correcting all mistakes.

## A Charming Scholar

Pliny was born in A.D. 62, about thirty years after the Crucifixion, when many people were alive who had known Christ, and he became one of the first of the persecutors. No one blames him, for he acted according to his knowledge and ideas. He was a great scholar and a man of charming character. After a distinguished career in Rome he was sent by Trajan to govern a province, and there he came face to face with Christianity.

Titus and Nero had both sought to destroy the Christians. Nero burned and slew them, but Trajan was not a man of that sort; nor was Pliny. Still, Pliny was alarmed at these strange people, worshipping an unknown God, claiming the whole world as one great brotherhood.

## Puzzle for Pliny

He writes one of the most celebrated letters in existence to tell his emperor all about it, and to ask Trajan what was to be done with these Christians.

Certainly they puzzled Pliny, for he wrote to Trajan: "They declare that their offence or crime is summed up in this—that they meet on a stated day before dawn and address a form of prayer to Christ, as to a god, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for any wicked purpose, but never to commit theft, fraud, or other crime, never to break their word, never to betray a trust; after which it was their custom to separate, then re-assemble and eat together a harmless meal."

## An Emperor's Toleration

Pliny, regarding them as a dangerous secret society, forbade their assemblies; but he adds that, to get at the truth of their declaration, "I have put to the torture two female slaves who were said to officiate in their religious rites, but all I could discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition. And so, sire, I adjourned all further proceedings to consult you."

Trajan's answer is perhaps the first note ever recorded of toleration for Christianity. The law must be observed, said he, but, as to these Christians, "do not go out of your way to look for them. Anonymous charges brought against them ought not to be received in any prosecution."

That note is from the most vivid picture we have of the life and times of the first Christians, who were burned at the stake, put to torture, devoured by wild beasts, and rent asunder with the sword for their crime of following the Man of Galilee.

## OLD UNHAPPY FAR-OFF THINGS

WHEN the young and beautiful wife of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico tragically became a widow 55 years ago, no one supposed that she would live on to be an old lady and celebrate her 82nd birthday in excellent health.

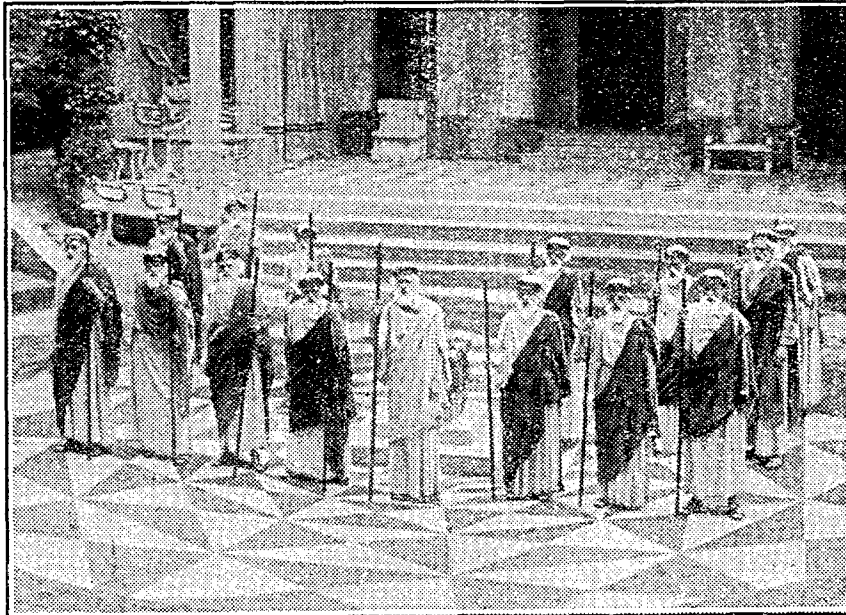
The ex-Empress Charlotte celebrated it the other day on her estate in Belgium, which was given to her by her brother, the late King of the Belgians. She reads and talks with her attendants about everyday affairs and occurrences, but she has no memory at all of the past.

Louis Napoleon, when Emperor of France, put Maximilian, an Austrian

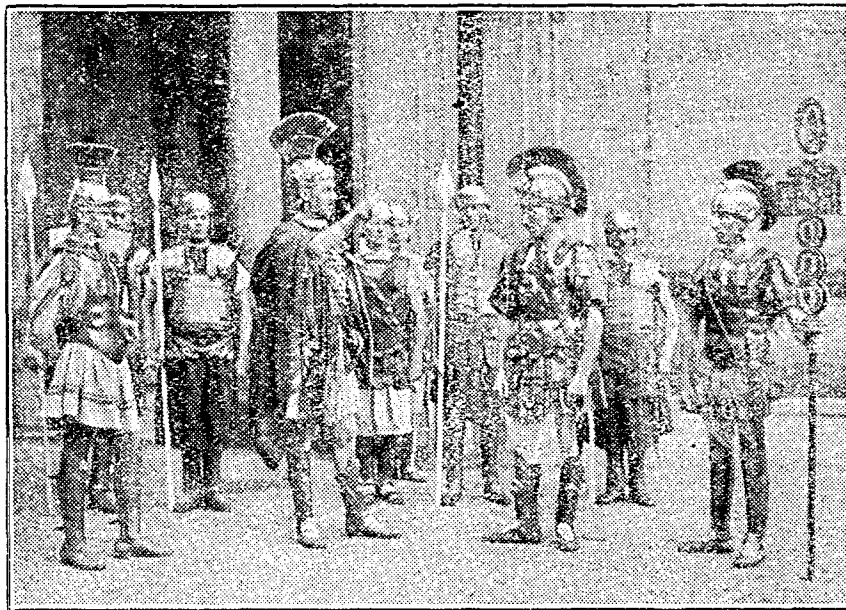
prince, on the Mexican throne, and left him to be dethroned and shot. Charlotte came to Europe to try to induce Louis Napoleon to take up arms and send an army to rescue her husband, and his refusal drove her mad. She has never recovered her sanity.

There she lives, a quiet old lady, serene and contented, quite unconscious that she once went through such tragic experiences, was once an empress kneeling at the feet of an emperor, passionately imploring him to keep his word to save her husband's life, and imploring him in vain.

## GREECE AND ROME IN ENGLAND



The Chorus of Elders at the Altar in the Greek play of Antigone



The Emperor Constantine and the Men of the Roman Garrison at York, A.D. 305

The glorious days of Greece and Rome have just been made to live once more, as can be seen from these photographs. The upper picture was taken during the acting of one of Sophocles' plays at Bradfield College, Berkshire; and the bottom picture shows a scene from the Pageant of Northern Church History at the Spa Gardens in Ripon

## MOTOR-CARS TEN PER CENT SAFE

PUBLIC trials of motor-cars and motor-cycles are of little value to the purchasers of these vehicles, because the entries are very rarely standard machines.

Even a motor-cycle is specially fitted and tuned up for these public tests, and it is significant that makers rarely sell the machines which they enter for races.

In a recent trial of light cars over Scottish roads and hills one very important fact emerged. There was a searching test of brakes. Cars had to be pulled up within a reasonable space, and on a descending gradient of about 1 in 13, which is not a stiff hill for a car. Yet few of the competitors gained the full 100 marks awarded for efficient braking. One obtained only a miserable 16, another but 18; there were others in

the twenties and thirties, and one with only a fraction over ten marks.

Now, if cars specially fitted and tried for a great public exhibition of their powers cannot be made more safe in this vital respect than these appalling figures show, what must ordinary cars, merely made to sell to possible novices, be like?

Motor accidents increase at a terrible rate, and we ascribe them, as a rule, to bad driving or to recklessness on the part of the public. But if brakes are so unreliable how can disaster be averted even if drivers and pedestrians are equally cautious? It is the duty of the authorities to take the matter in hand and refuse to license any car that has not braking efficiency enough to earn 100 per cent of marks in a hill test.

## TERRIBLE BACILLUS

PLAGUE WHICH LASTS  
FROM AGE TO AGECattle Worth a Million Pounds  
Destroyed

## REFUGE IN COAL-MINES

The plague which struck down the cattle of Egypt in Pharaoh's day is with us in England again.

We call it foot-and-mouth disease, but it is the old murrain, which has scourged the flocks and herds of mankind periodically for generations. At times the disease breaks out and kills its thousands, as it did last year; at times it bursts over a single area, then runs like a stream of death through all surrounding pastures.

This is happening again. Since the beginning of the year English cattle worth a million pounds have been destroyed, and now the epidemic is raging in Lancashire and Derbyshire.

## A Deadly Complaint

The bacillus which causes the disease is always in existence, sometimes quiet and inactive, but reviving from time to time, like an animal that has been hibernating, to spread ruin afresh. We cannot drive it out of life; it can awake and kill an entire herd, or clear a countryside of cattle, sheep, and pigs with terrible speed.

So deadly a complaint must have had its effects upon the wild cattle of Europe; one visitation might stamp out a surviving species. Perhaps it was something as fatal and as widespread that killed the millions of horses that America had long before Columbus arrived, to find a horseless land.

People in this country are alive to such a danger where the last of our wild cattle are preserved. We still have two or three such herds, carefully guarded in conditions kept artificially wild, where animals resembling those that roamed free in the land a thousand years ago hide in the park undergrowth by day and come out to feed at night, as is the way of all wild cattle.

## Famous Herd of Cattle

One such herd, picturesque white creatures with black muzzles, thrive for many a generation on the estate of Hamilton Palace, in Scotland. The cattle went with the estate as heirlooms, and a Duke of Hamilton inherited them as he inherited jewels and pictures, and was not allowed to sell them.

Many a scourge of murrain passed that herd by. So grave was the danger once that the famous cattle were taken down into coal-pits till the plague had passed.

It would be interesting to know what has become of that historic herd during the recent sales at the Hamilton Estate, which has so long been its home.

## RATIONING ROOMS

How Germany Houses the  
Houseless

In Germany there is a scarcity of houses, as there is with us. The German Government is doing its best to secure homes for all who need them by rationing rooms.

Those who have large houses and rooms unoccupied are obliged to take lodgers. Moderate rents are fixed, and any tenant the municipality appoints must be accepted unless the house-owner has to make alterations. Then he can choose his own lodgers.

No one is allowed to have more rooms than are considered necessary in any city or town where dwellings are difficult to find.

A married couple without children, for instance, may have a sitting-room and two bedrooms; no more. According to the number of the families the amount of space they should require is allotted to them.

Occasionally this system leads to quarrels, but on the whole it works better than might be expected.

## FROM THE DAYS BEFORE HISTORY TRAGEDIES OF A FOREST LONG AGO

The Stories that a Piece of  
Amber Brought to Mind

### NEW THINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

By Our Natural Historian

The British Museum has received an interesting addition to its treasures. It is only a little collection of insects fixed in the juices of trees, but each one has a history that can never be written, begun as it was before human history dawned.

The collection is millions of years old, for it is a series of amber fragments, each fragment containing an insect that came tragically to its end in the twilight days of creation.

The amber comes from the mines of Burma by way of Colorado University, where Mr. T. D. A. Cockerell has added over a score of little creatures to the list already known to be the denizens of amber prisons.

#### What Amber Really Is

Readers of the C.N. know already something of the wonder and antiquity of amber, but Mr. Cockerell's researches are said to prove that the age of some forms of amber is much greater than had hitherto been believed.

Whatever the age of amber the story is always the same. Amber was once the sap of a resinous cone-bearing tree. Some injury to the tree caused sap to flow out of the wound and heal it. But the supply exceeded the need. The resin fell in streaming plenty to the ground, or hung in great beads and congealing rivulets on the tree, and survived the tree which created it.

It fell with the tree and was not destroyed. It fell in such enormous quantities from age to age, as forest rose on the wreck of forest, that it formed solid deposits, was covered by accumulating earth, and is now mined like coal.

#### Washed Up on the English Coast

So long ago was all this that land and sea slowly changed places where some of the amber formed, and today the finest amber in the world is dredged up from the floor of the Baltic Sea. Some comes to land along our English coasts from long-dead forests that have been submerged, for tens of thousands of years; some is in the clay of old London.

But when the sap poured forth to stanch a pine-tree's wounds, its journey was not always uneventful. Very many times the sudden flow meant to insects a fate as tragic as that of the people of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

As lava and ashes embedded and mummified those poor people, so the sticky gum imprisoned and mummified these insects innocently pursuing their calling on the old tree trunk. As a speck of dust is the nucleus of every raindrop, so insects became the nucleus of myriads of drops of resin. They perished miserably where they stood, to be preserved for all those millions of years in their indestructible prison.

#### Imprisoned Through the Ages

Spiders, flies, ants, wasps, bees and a host of other little creatures were taken captive, victims in a genial climate of disasters resembling the vaster actions of morasses which engulfed stampeding mammoths. The mammoths sank in warm ooze and froze with a change of climate, to be found fresh and unimpaired in our own day, after the lapse of a hundred thousand years. The insects became one with the fossil into which their cell slowly changed.

Today they come to light from the sullen sea or the unlit gloom of the mine, part of a substance which decorates a princess's throat or clasps a lady's arm.

Science and stupidity join hands to render homage to amber. Foolish people of the East, and unpardonable imitators

## A GOOD MAN AMONG THIEVES

### THE DOCTOR'S STOLEN WATCH

A True Story of Queer Life in  
Other Days

#### THE GOOD THAT IS IN BAD PEOPLE

A correspondent forwards us a letter from a friend recalling, from personal experience, an instance of the influence that may be won, by persistent kindness and humanity, over men whose lives are spent in preying on others and breaking the laws that keep the peace in human society.

A doctor in central London spent much of his time and energy in attending the families in a district which then was a haunt of thieves, and in trying to lead them into better ways of living; and if he did not bring about as much moral improvement as he hoped for, he won universal appreciation and gratitude.

Crossing over to the south of the Thames one night to visit a patient, he was jostled and had his watch and chain stolen. It was some days before he could get back to his room in Seven Dials, but when he next met his friends of doubtful character he told them what had happened, and his special reasons for valuing the watch as a heirloom.

#### A Visitor for the Doctor

"It was not any of us, sir," they all exclaimed. "We all know you, and none of us would steal from you. It must have been someone from the other side who did not know you, sir. We will see if we can get it back."

The next day they went to his house and told him how sorry they were that the watch had already been melted down; if he had only told them at once they could have recovered it for him.

Some time afterwards, when the doctor was at dinner, the maid announced that some horrid-looking men were outside and wanted to see him. He told her to ask them into the dining-room.

They came in looking like a gang of criminals, but they had come as a deputation, and again assured the doctor that none of them on their side of the water had stolen his watch and chain. They then asked him to accept a watch and chain they had brought for him!

#### The Doctor Receives a Present

"No! No! How do I know that it has not been stolen?" said the doctor. They said: "We knew you would think that, sir, so we have brought you a bill from the shop."

When he looked inside this beautiful watch he found engraved the words, "Dr. Burnett, from the thieves of London, in recognition of kindnesses shown to them and their wives and their children."

When he died those poor thieves wept, and on the day he was buried a deputation went to the eldest son and begged to carry their friend to his grave. And they did, and one who was there wrote that he never saw anything more impressive than those criminals weeping by the doctor's grave.

Continued from the previous column

in the West, believe this fossil can bring good fortune. Science, on the other hand, is grateful to amber as the father of electrical lore. It was the first substance to reveal the fact that friction excites electricity. Examination of its curious power to attract other objects to itself led directly to all our discoveries in electricity. The motor-car, the electric train, the telegraph, telephone, and all the wonders of wireless were made possible when once the attractive power of a piece of amber was understood.

The greatest of all the temples of knowledge is founded on this substance which forms a coffin for a prehistoric ant.

## SCOURGE OF CENTURIES

### CONQUERING AN OLD DISEASE

Doctors on the Track of a Cure  
for Leprosy

#### LUCKY OIL FROM THE EAST

There is increasing hope that leprosy, one of the oldest diseases in the world, may be finally destroyed.

If all the lepers in the world lined up in a row and marched past your door at the rate of one every five seconds, and kept on day and night without stopping, it would take four months for them all to pass! One person in every eight hundred in the world is a leper.

Perhaps no disease is more dreaded than leprosy. It was looked upon with horror centuries ago, partly because it was incurable and partly because it was so loathsome. The fingers and the feet drop off; and the face becomes horribly disfigured. Leprosy is found in every country, from very cold ones like Norway to very hot ones, like Burma, and among every class, but chiefly among the poor.

#### Leprosy Not Hereditary

The disease spreads rapidly through a whole country unless precautions are taken. For instance, a Chinese leper landed in New Caledonia in 1865. There was no other leper in the island; he was the only source of infection; yet in 1888 there were 4000 known cases.

The disease spreads by contagion. No case has ever been known where it has sprung up by itself. There has always been contact with a leper before the disease is contracted, or else it has been carried by some person or object. It is caused by a bacillus which works under the skin, and it takes as long as six or eight years to show itself. People may have leprosy long before they know it.

It is now known that leprosy is not hereditary. A child born to leprosy persons is quite untainted, and if separated at once from the parents may grow up free from the disease. In this way thousands of children have been saved. As it is only by contagion that the disease spreads every effort is being made to separate lepers from healthy people, and get them into leper hospitals.

#### Stamping Out Disease

This was done in England centuries ago, and leper hospitals were to be found in many places. It was in this way that the disease was stamped out in England and France. In the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific, where this policy of separation has been adopted, the number of lepers has been reduced by half in twelve years. In Norway and Sweden the policy has been so successful that many of the leper hospitals are now being used for other purposes. In the Philippine Islands there were 9000 lepers ten years ago; today there are only about 3000. By careful separation, or segregation as it is called, leprosy could be stamped out from the whole world in thirty years.

#### Hope for the Future

But what of the poor sufferers who have it today? Is there no hope for them? Must they linger on till death comes? Until a year or two ago everyone agreed that there was no cure for leprosy, but lately several British and American doctors, mainly medical missionaries who pluckily tend these stricken ones, have been experimenting with the fatty acids obtained from a certain vegetable oil *chaulmoogra*, which they inject under the skin. Under its influence the bacillus of leprosy curls up and dies.

The oil is obtained from a tree which grows in Assam, Burma, and Siam, and injections of it have been very successful in several cases now being treated in London. Many experiments have been made with these injections, and though it is too soon yet to speak definitely of a cure it seems almost certain that we are on the track of it.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

### ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT WRITERS

Storyteller of Grandfather's Days

#### WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

July 16. Sir J. Reynolds born near Plymouth 1723  
17. Punch first published . . . . . 1841  
18. Thackeray born at Calcutta . . . . . 1811  
19. Rome burned by Nero . . . . . 64  
20. Jean Ingelow died at Kensington . . . . . 1897  
21. Robert Burns died at Dumfries . . . . . 1796  
22. 1st Earl of Shaftesbury born Wimborne. 1621

William Makepeace Thackeray, one of the great novelists of the days of our grandfathers, was born at Calcutta on July 18, 1811, his father being a civil servant in India.



Thackeray

On his way to England, as a child, the ship called at St. Helena and he saw Napoleon there. He was educated first at private schools, and later at Charterhouse and Cambridge. While at Charterhouse his nose was broken in a fight with another boy, and he was permanently disfigured by the injury. He and the boy who broke his nose became life-long friends. Thackeray grew into a man of six feet three, but he was not strong in health. At school and college his inclination was always toward writing and drawing rather than formal learning. When his college days were over he travelled abroad, and stayed for a while in Paris to study art. He had been left an income of £500 a year, but he lost his money, and then had to settle to steady work.

For 12 years Thackeray's literary work was almost entirely humorous and satirical, in prose and verse, and often was illustrated by himself. Though he could never draw well, he could make his meaning felt by his pictures.

#### A Very Famous Novel

He joined the staff of Punch soon after that journal was started, and, through his contributions to it, first became widely known as a writer of social satire and literary burlesque. He was particularly severe in his exposure of fashionable admiration of things that in themselves are mean when looked at aright. Then, when he was 35 years old, he published, in monthly parts, a novel, *Vanity Fair*, which continued his criticism of the false aims of men and women in a more serious way, and raised him to the rank of a great writer. Other stories, *Pendennis* and *The Newcomes*, followed, and in *Esmond* and *The Virginians* Thackeray gave his tales an historical setting.

His editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine* brought him wealth and influence. From that post he had retired when, at the early age of 52, he died suddenly. His bust has been placed in Westminster Abbey.

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#### Books that will Long be Read

Thackeray is one of the most perfect writers of the English language when he is writing with a serious purpose and not playing pranks as a critic of human absurdities. For that reason, if for no other, he will long be read.

He also has the power of faithfully picturing life as it was lived by certain classes at any period he selects, so that his pictures of men and women; their habits and thoughts, have an historical value that will not vanish with time.

But his range of observation is not wide. In that respect he does not approach Scott or Dickens. His understanding of men and women, though deep and tender, has not their breadth, and he will never be so popular; but his best books will always appeal to readers who can understand the literary value of a story. So it is the mature judgment more than the first impressions of the young that favours him.

July 15, 1922

## The Children's Newspaper

9

## WASPS A PENNY EACH

Council Pays for the  
Capture of QueensDOES A WASP DO MORE  
GOOD THAN HARM?

By Our Country Correspondent

Hythe Council has offered a penny for every queen wasp that is taken dead to the Surveyor's Department.

Everywhere the war on the wasp goes on without cessation. Let a queen wasp but show herself, and she is pounced upon and slain, the result being that later on in the season there will be at least one brood the fewer to prey on the ripe fruit in the garden and orchard, and to buzz about the dining-room frightening all the nervous people.

There are many persons who seem to think that the one object in life of a wasp is to select a suitable place on an arm or face and to use its sting there with good effect. Of course this is not the case. The sting is purely a weapon of defence so far as people are concerned.

There is often great rivalry between different villages as to which can show the greatest number of casualties among the wasps, and it is generally supposed that such rivalry is all to the good.

But is it? The wasp is, of course, a great lover of fruit, and often plays havoc among the plum and pear trees. A plague of wasps is, indeed, a very great nuisance, and when there are excessive numbers it is an advantage to thin them out. But to exterminate the wasp in a district, as many try to do, would probably result in disaster.

Wasps, while they eat a good deal of fruit, live chiefly on other insects, and one of their main articles of diet is the filthy and harmful house-fly, that is responsible for so much summer sickness.

The Rev. J. G. Wood, the famous naturalist, watched the wasps near his home, and says: "I have seen the wasps flying by hundreds into pigsties, and carrying off the flies as they swarmed upon the pigs' that were luxuriously basking in the sun."

He is of the opinion that unless they swarm excessively they do more good than harm.

The balance of Nature is a very delicate thing, and when we once begin to interfere with it no one can say what the consequences will be. There is nothing, however, against keeping the numbers of wasps within bounds.

## THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 8.0 a.m., summer-time, on July 17

## Newspaper Notes and Queries

**What is a Private Bank?** A bank with not more than 10 partners.

**What does Stream-lined mean?** So shaped as to offer the least resistance to the air. The term is used of aeroplanes and motor-cars.

**What is a Catena?** This word really means a chain, and is often applied to collections in book form of writings on some special subject—a collection of sermons, for instance.

FROZEN VIKING  
STORYTHE MAN WHO WAS NOT  
THERECostumes of Dante's Time  
Found Well Preserved

ONLY SPECIMENS KNOWN

By Our Danish Correspondent

The C.N. paragraph about a discovery in Greenland not long ago would be interesting to many readers who will probably never see it.

A short time ago American newspapers contained long accounts of the reported finding of the perfectly-preserved body of a Viking warrior in an iceberg off Greenland. These accounts also stated that the refrigerated Viking had been taken to Copenhagen.

But the story is not true. Icebergs do not remain stationary in Greenland waters. Their life is but a short one. As a rule they do not exist six months after their launch from the inland ice of Greenland. From the minute they have broken loose from their maternal ice glacier, and started life independently as icebergs, they drift southward, and, after a short but dangerous existence, melt and become part of the Atlantic.

What has actually been found in Greenland is, however, just as interesting as the fancy Viking.

## Dress Preserved by Frost

While excavating in the ancient burial-grounds in the south-western part of Greenland, Dr. Noerlund, a Danish scientist and museum official, came across the remains not of helmet-and-steel-clad Viking warriors, but of perfectly preserved men's costumes from the century of Dante, very much resembling the conventional dress worn by that poet.

These costumes are all the more interesting because they are said to be the only existing specimens in the world of garments worn by the men in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Being deposited in the frozen earth for about 600 years has preserved them.

These garments are now in the Danish Collection in the museum housed in the Prinsen's Palace in Copenhagen.

Without denying that an interesting find has been made, the museum authorities prefer to shroud the whole affair in mystery, evidently preferring absolute silence till the scientific examination has been made, and claiming no responsibility for the absurd Viking fairy tale.

Dr. Noerlund has found several old wooden crosses in the frozen earth, covered with Gothic inscriptions.

## CHILDREN OF LATVIA

English as the Language of  
the World

From a Latvia Correspondent

The lady who some time ago wrote to the C.N. from Valmiera, Latvia, about the need for English books in that land acknowledges the receipt of English Readers, which, she says, are pure and elevating. She continues:

Lately the Guide Organisation has spread to our town. Scouts we had last year, and an invitation of 20 Latvia Scouts to England in the autumn, for a short visit, has been received with enthusiasm. Only our Girl Guides remain sadly behind.

We have had a great festival of Scouts and Guides, introducing the organisation of the young, and this English institution will prove very beneficial.

One question upsets me much. I read of all kinds of leagues trying to introduce Esperanto into the schools of different countries, and to make it the language of the world. But why choose an artificial language when there is English? English is already spoken and taught all over the world; in fact, it is the tongue of the world. English grammar is comparatively easy.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

Does a Cat or Dog Live the Longer?

Unless ill-used by excessive pampering or cruelty, cats and dogs attain about the same age.

Can Ducks Drown?

If its head were too long beneath water a duck would drown, like any other air-breathing creature.

Do Rats Carry Eggs to Their Holes?

They do; but how the writer is unable to say. Over fifty eggs have just been discovered in a rat-hole at Feltwell.

Do Love-Birds Require Water to Drink?

Although, like other parrots, they do not bath, love-birds are thirsty creatures and drink repeatedly.

Did the Dog Originate Before the Ox?

There were wild cattle, from which the ox descends, before the dog, whose ancestors were wolves and jackals, was domesticated by man.

How Much Grass Can be Obtained from an Acre?

That depends upon the nature of the land and the care with which it is treated. The average yield is from one to two tons of hay per acre.

What is the Most Destructive Animal in Great Britain?

The rat undoubtedly ranks first; but it has been stated in Parliament that insects in this country do damage to the extent of £30,000,000 a year.

How Much Does a Sheep's Wool Weigh?

The fleece of an average full-grown sheep weighs from four to five pounds, but in exceptional cases the weight is from ten to twelve pounds.

Do Crows Build in Rookeries?

Rookeries are the great collections of nests which company-loving rooks build. Crows are solitary, and generally make their nests apart in isolated positions.

What Causes the Blotches on the Leaf of the Orchis Masculata?

All the patterns, pigments, and other properties composing the livery and adornment of a natural flower are part of the wonder-working art of Nature, who has a purpose for every detail and a detail for every purpose.

What Should an American Cardinal Bird Be Fed On?

The cardinals are hardy birds, which thrive in an aviary on a mixed diet of grain food of all kinds, including canary seed and millet seed. They enjoy insects of most sorts and ripe fruits.

What Creature Can Jump more than 100 Times its Own Length?

The leaping powers of some insects are very great. Probably the jump of the flea is highest in relation to its size. It can easily jump twelve inches, which is more than one hundred times its own length.

Is Man the Only Short-sighted Animal?

The sight of elephants and rhinoceroses, to take two of the largest animals, is very dim. Many creatures which rely on smell rather than on their eyes have less efficient vision than man.

Is a Camel Unable to Swim because of its Hump?

The hump does not prevent a camel from swimming, for camels can swim. Creatures of the desert and the desolate dry wilds, they naturally do not appear much in watery scenes, but, like other animals, they do swim at need.

How Much Does an Elephant Eat?

An elephant may eat as much as a ton in three days, but some of the other animals also require enormous quantities of food. The lion or tiger needs three animals as big as a buffalo every week to satisfy its hunger. An interesting and well-illustrated article on the daily quest for food of the various animals is given in the August number of the C.N. monthly—My Magazine—now lying on the bookstalls with this paper.

## THE RINGED PLANET

SATURN BETWEEN VENUS  
AND JUPITERThe Long Journey of a Beam  
of Light

SEEING BACK INTO THE PAST

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Saturn, with his wonderful luminous rings, is still an interesting object in the evening sky, and very easily found; he is between Venus and Jupiter, to the right of Jupiter, and about a third of the way from Jupiter to Venus.

To the naked eye Saturn looks like a first-magnitude star; he is, therefore, not nearly so bright as Venus, the silvery gem in the western sky, or as Jupiter, some way to the left of Venus, and in the south-west. There is no mistaking Saturn, the three planets forming an almost straight line, with Saturn some way to the left of the centre.

The movements of these three worlds will be interesting to watch during the next few weeks, for both Saturn and Jupiter appear to be approaching Venus. These two planets may be seen to get closer and closer to her, till, on the evening of August 15, Saturn will appear to pass her, while on August 27 Jupiter will pass Venus.

## The Handles of the Vase

As was pointed out in the C.N. last week, Venus is nearly a hundred million miles away; now Jupiter is over four times as far off, while Saturn is nine times as far; so it is no wonder that he is not so bright as the others.

Seen through a telescope at the present time, the globe of Saturn appears almost exactly the same size as that of Venus, but, as nearly a quarter of the disc of Venus is unilluminated through being gibbous, Saturn really appears the larger. His rings appear to extend on each side of him like the handles of a vase, as shown in the C.N., No. 161.

But the light we get from Saturn has a very long journey to come before it reaches us. Coming originally from the Sun, it had to travel 920 million miles to reach Saturn, who reflected a large proportion of it out into space.

## Light that Goes and Comes

After speeding across 950 million miles, the distance which Saturn now is from the Earth, a little of this light of the Sun ultimately reaches us. It takes 2 hours and 48 minutes to get to us from the Sun by this route, and about one hour 23 minutes to arrive here from Saturn; so, whatever we see on this far-off world, we do not see it when it is taking place, but 83 minutes after.

This applies more or less to every celestial body, so we never see the Universe as it is, but only as it was at some more or less distant date. We do not see the Universe as a whole as it was at any particular date.

If Saturn possessed an enormous wireless transmitting station, capable of broadcasting for the benefit of the Solar System, it would take 83 minutes at present for messages to reach us.

## A Giant World

It would take an aeroplane, travelling at 100 miles an hour, 1084 years to reach Saturn; yet we know really more about this distant planet than about Venus, which comes so close.

It is known, for instance, that Saturn's day is only 10 hours 14 minutes in length, and that the tilt of his axis is about 27 degrees, compared with the Earth's tilt of 23½ degrees. Neither fact is known definitely about Venus.

There is much more detail on Saturn. His enormous, tinted belts of cloud, with occasional brighter spots upon them, which are thought to be cyclonic disturbances in his colossal atmosphere, add greatly to the interest this wonderful world has for us, a world so vast that 820 worlds the size of ours could be placed within it.

G. F. M.

# MEN OF THE MIST

The Exciting Adventures of  
Two Boys Among the Indians

Told by T. C. Bridges,  
the C.N. Storyteller

## CHAPTER 51 A Passage of Peril

THERE was no roar, no sound but the faint hiss of water as it rushed between smooth rock.

By this Clem knew that the channel must be deep, and straight. In an instant, however, all light was gone, and they shot forward through intense blackness. It was no use steering, for it was impossible to see anything to steer by.

"Sit tight, Billy," said Clem sharply. "Don't paddle. Just let her go."

"Oh, Clem, where are we going?" came Billy's voice from behind.

"It's all right, old chap," Clem answered steadily. "We shall come out again. It's only another hollow mountain, like the one Bart took us through."

"But it's so dark!" groaned Billy.

Clem put his hand into his pocket, and his fingers closed on his small electric torch. Next moment its clear, white gleam illuminated the blackness. It shone upon a narrow chute of smooth black water sliding endlessly away into the gloom, and on walls of black rock polished as if by hand.

"It's all right!" cried Clem joyously.

"How do you know?"

"Look at the walls. All polished. That's ice, and ice couldn't do that unless it found its way out at the other end."

And then, before anything else could be said, the thin light of the torch was dimmed by a much stronger glow.

"Daylight!" shouted Clem; and almost before the words were out of his mouth they were through the tunnel and once more in a river, which slipped swiftly along at the bottom of a monstrous crack in the mountains.

"What did I tell you?" said Clem.

"I was an idiot, Clem. I lost my head," answered Billy, in a ashamed voice.

"You needn't worry. I jolly nearly did too," replied Clem. "But, I say, I wonder where we are going to land up?"

"In that Valley of the Monster, I expect," replied Billy.

Then there was silence for a bit while the canoe flashed onward. The situation was still desperate enough, but the boys were both so relieved at getting safely out of the tunnel that they hardly gave a thought to the dangers that still threatened.

So far the river which carried them had been so deep and straight that its current had been almost silent, but now both became conscious of a low, deep roar.

"Look out, Billy!" sang out Clem. "There's a rapid ahead."

Faster and faster they flew onward, then suddenly Clem saw beneath them a regular hill of water, a great, smooth hummock laced with long streaks of snowy foam.

The canoe hit it, rose like a car on a switchback, and shot safely over the centre. She dipped again, the speed slackened, then she was floating in the middle of a broad pool, with rocky banks and virgin forest all around.

"Topping!" cried Billy, his spirits rising with a bound. "You steered splendidly, Clem."

"Yes; but where are we?" said Clem doubtfully.

"Safe, anyhow. That's the great thing. Paddle on a bit. Once we get clear of the trees we can see where we are."

Clem did so, and the canoe, passing out of the big pool, went gliding down a fair-sized river which wound through the level bottom of a great valley. Behind

them they could see the mountains bounding the lower end of the Valley of the Mist, while to the left was another chain of great hills. Clem glanced up at the cliff-like mountains behind them, and shook his head.

"I say, Billy," he remarked, "we're going to have a sweet job to get home again."

"We can't get back this evening," agreed Billy. "The best thing we can do is to camp and wait till morning." Clem nodded. "The worst of it is that Dad will be in such a stew."

Billy agreed.

"I'm afraid he'll be terribly worried," he said gravely. "Still, I don't think it's worth trying to climb those mountains tonight. It'll be dark in an hour."

As Clem beached the canoe he restrained a temptation to smile. It would not be an hour's, but a full day's, work even to reach the summit of those terrible cliffs.

"We've got the big trout still," remarked Billy. "That's grub for the present. And the storm seems to be over."

"It may be still blowing," said Clem; "but the mountains cut it off. How cold it has turned."

"It is cold," allowed Billy; "but we'll soon have a fire. Luckily I've got my matches in a corked bottle."

## CHAPTER 52

### The Sound in the Night

By this time the boys knew all the tricks of camping, and, having found a good place, the first thing they did was to choose two saplings about eight feet apart.

With their hatchet they cut a pole long enough to reach from one to the other, and fastened it across at a height of about five feet from the ground, then, after making a sloping framework with six other poles, covered this tightly with pine branches. Next, the ground beneath was strewn with a thick carpet of small branches and dry grass, and when all was complete they lit a big fire of dry wood in front of the shelter.

The heat reflected from the sloping wall at the back of the shelter made it delightfully snug, and the two settled down to clean the trout and broil it over the coals. As they had the remains of their sandwiches to eat with it they both made a capital meal; then they banked the fire well, and, curling up on their thick mattress of grass and pine-needles, went to sleep.

When Clem woke it was still dark, and Billy was shaking him by the arm.

"What's the matter, Billy?" he asked, half crossly.

"That noise! Don't you hear it?" Billy whispered urgently.

Clem sat up. Somewhere in the distance, there was a crashing sound, as if some very big animal were moving through the brush.

"What is it?" demanded Billy. "Do you think it's the monster?"

"Bosh!" retorted Clem. "It's probably a caribou scared by our fire. Don't worry about it."

Billy was silent, but Clem could see that he was not happy.

"Let's make up the fire," said Clem, trying to speak cheerfully. But really, like Billy, he was very uneasy.

There was plenty of wood, and the red embers crackled up again. As the flames leaped up the boys saw that the air was full of fine white flakes.

"Why, it's snowing!" said Billy.

Clem's spirits fell with a bump. So Bart had been right, and winter was upon them.

"Perhaps it won't be much," he said. "Go to sleep, Billy. We must get all the rest we can, for we're

going to have a jolly stiff climb tomorrow."

When they woke again the sun was up, and its frosty light shone redly upon ground carpeted with nearly three inches of snow.

"Ugh!" growled Billy.

"Might be worse," replied Clem. "It might be still snowing. Come on. Let's get some breakfast, then start."

A quick breakfast, then they launched the canoe, crossed the river, and made their way along the foot of the mountains, searching for a pass.

Suddenly Billy pulled up, and stood staring at the ground.

"What's up?" asked Clem impatiently.

"This—this foot-print!" gasped Billy.

Clem looked and whistled softly. "It's a bear, Billy."

"A bear! Nonsense, Clem! No bear could make a print like that. Why, it's nearly two feet long! I—I believe it's the monster!"

## CHAPTER 53

### The Slippery Heights

FOR the moment Clem felt as shivery and unhappy as Billy himself. But presently he pulled himself together.

"The sooner we get out of this the better," he said. "Once we're up on the mountain-side we ought to be safe enough."

Billy eagerly agreed. They turned sharply uphill, and soon were clear of the trees and climbing a steep, bare slope.

The slope grew steeper and steeper, and the worst of it was that the higher they went the thicker lay the snow. Within an hour they were scrambling along ledges which were six inches deep in soft snow, making the going not only difficult, but dangerous. By midday they were hardly half way to the summit and aching in every bone.

They sat down to rest in a little hollow sheltered from the breeze and ate cold trout, then started once more.

The next two hours were awful. The brothers crept along bare ledges, with hundreds of feet of empty space beneath them. They clung to the faces of great cliffs, hanging on with fingers and toes. The marvel was that they ever kept their hold.

The rocks were loose and shaly, and sometimes broke away, sending small avalanches thundering down the mountain face.

It was about three in the afternoon when they found themselves on a narrow terrace at the base of sheer cliff. Clem stared upward, but the vast wall of rock was not merely sheer; it actually overhung the ledge.

"That's done us, Billy," he said briefly.

Billy merely nodded. His face was very white.

Clem put his hand on his brother's shoulder.

"Cheer up, old fellow! We'll find a better way tomorrow."

But Billy shivered again.

"It's spending the night down there," he said hoarsely. "I'm scared, Clem. I'm scared."

If the climb had been bad, the descent was worse. It had begun to freeze, and the ledges were like glass.

When at last the brothers reached level ground again they were quite worn out. It was all they could do to crawl as far as their last night's camp and light the fire. Though they did not say so, they knew that fire was their one protection from the mysterious monster that stalked at night through this lonely and unknown land.

They made a huge fire, big enough to last till morning, then lay down, and both were so utterly weary that they dropped off at once, and did not move till the cold dawn-light struck upon their faces.

"Good morning, Billy," said Clem, trying to look more cheerful than he felt. "The monster hasn't showed up again—that's one good thing. Now I'm going down to the river to see if I can get a fish for breakfast."

He fitted up his rod, and started. It was abominably cold, and not a fish would bite. Clem stuck it for an hour, and at last gave it up and went sadly back up to the camp. He tried to put a good face on it, but was really terribly uneasy. If he and Billy could not get food they were done.

As he came through the trees toward the camp he stopped and sniffed.

"Smells like meat roasting," he said to himself in a very puzzled voice.

"Hurry up, Clem," he heard Billy call. "You're just in time for breakfast." And, coming out into the open, the first thing he saw was Billy roasting a large rabbit over the fire.

Clem pulled up short.

"My word, Billy, where did you get that?" he exclaimed.

"Shot it."

"Shot it? What with?"

Billy stooped and picked up a bow. It was made of a stiff green sapling and strung with fishing line.

"Here you are," he chuckled. "And I feathered my arrow with parchment leaves from my fishing book."

"It was jolly smart of you," declared Clem, as he took his seat by the fire.

It was astonishing how good the meat tasted after a whole day on fish. While they ate they talked things over, and agreed that it was no use trying to climb the mountains back into the Valley of the Mist.

"My notion," said Clem, "is to go right round, and back by the way we first came in—past the geyser."

Billy whistled softly.

"And what about the Kaloot Indians?"

"We shall have to chance them. I believe that they have gone back to their village ever so long ago."

Billy nodded.

"I dare say you are right. Then the sooner we are off the better."

"Can't be too soon for me," replied Clem. "Just wait till I pack up the rest of the rabbit, and I'm your man."

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

## Isaac Newton's Friend

WHEN Sir Isaac Newton was fourteen another boy was born in a rural suburb of London, that has since grown into a teeming area, and this boy was to become the friend of Newton and a famous astronomer.

At St. Paul's School, to which his father, a wealthy soap-maker, sent him, he was a hard worker, devoting himself to mathematics and astronomy.

At 17 he went to Oxford University, and two years later attracted the attention of learned men by publishing a brilliant paper on a very difficult question of mathematical astronomy.

His father helped him in every possible way, and supplied him with the scientific instruments he needed. The youth made careful observations of Jupiter and Saturn, and as a result wished to set right the existing mathematical tables that he found incorrect.

But to do this it was necessary to have a catalogue of the stars, and he was about to start on one when he learned that two prominent astronomers were already doing the work. He therefore set off for St. Helena to complete the catalogue by observing and noting the stars that could not be seen in the Northern Hemisphere. He noted 350 stars, and observed a transit of Mercury.

He noticed that the pendulum needed shortening as it approached the equator, and later mentioned this to Newton, who had never heard of the fact.

As a proof of the energy of his character and his great ability it may be mentioned that within a month of returning to England he published his catalogue of stars, obtained a degree at Oxford, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and arranged to go to Danzig to help Hevelius, a famous astronomer, who was making the great star catalogue.

After a second visit to the Continent he married and settled down at Islington.

To honour him William III strangely enough, appointed him to be a captain in the Navy. As a captain the astronomer made two voyages, utilising these for scientific observation.

In 1703 he was appointed Professor of Geometry at Oxford, was made a Doctor of Laws, and a few years later became Secretary of the Royal Society, of which Newton was President. When the Astronomer Royal of Greenwich died he received the appointment. The salary was £100 a year, and the queen offered to get this increased, but the astronomer declined, fearing that if the post were too well paid unsuitable men might be appointed.

Though he became paralysed he worked almost up to his death at the age of 85. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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July 15, 1922

The Children's Newspaper

11



# The Smile of Heaven is on Our Earth



## DI MERRYMAN

"TAKE this letter to the post for me, Jack," said Jack's elder brother, George. "I'll give you some sweets tomorrow."

"Why not today?" queried Jack. "Your present is always in the future."

### What Am I?

SOMETIMES I aid the lover's cause;  
Sometimes the warrior in the wars;  
I'm useful in the building trade;  
The painter sometimes seeks my aid;  
I'm often useful at a fire;  
I help great men to rise up higher;  
And sometimes eager schoolboys try  
By me to gain the bird's nest high.

Solution next week

How deep is the sea?  
A stone's throw.

### Do You Live in Chelsea?

CHelsea was originally spelt Cealchythe, and that name means the chalk hithe, or landing rise. But afterwards the name changed its form and became Ceosel-ig, the origin of the present word, which means pebble-bank, or shingle isle.

This was, no doubt, a descriptive reference to the Thames bank at this part.

### The Zoo That Never Was



### The Northpolarpold

WHY is it that Northpolarpolds  
Are always born with caps?  
Maybe they're liable to colds,  
And they are bald, perhaps.

WHY is a member of Parliament  
like a shrimp?  
Because he has MP at the end  
of his name.



**Adventures of Augustus & Marmaduke**  
AUGUSTUS said to Marmy, "To the house of Mr. Jones. We'll go, and in his letter-box we'll drop a dozen stones; And like the postman we will knock, and then we'll run away." So off those naughty youngsters went, their foolish trick to play. Into the box the stones they dropped, and then away they ran; But Mr. Jones was driving home in his big motor van, When from his house he saw those boys a-running very fast. "Another naughty trick!" he said. "I've caught those lads at last." So he took them to their parents, and told them of the trick, And what the fathers did, I think, was something with a stick.

WHY is a drawn tooth like something you have forgotten?  
Because it is quite gone out of your head.

### The Higher Mathematics



THERE once was a wandering adder  
Who used a tall tree as a ladder.  
"One and one in a nest  
Come to two, I suggest."  
He said, "which is proof I'm an adder."

### Buried Names

IN each of the following sentences  
is hidden the Christian name of  
a boy or girl:

Geography is a description of the earth; uranography a description of the heavens.

"Base thief!" cried the young man.

Pisa acknowledges the King of Italy.

To give the last shilling is not always wise.

Do not smirka everything you see. What are they? Answers next week

WHAT is it that we all like to have,  
but none of us like to keep?  
A good appetite.

### The Sluggard

THEY were having a lesson on bad habits, but one small boy was not paying much attention.

"Now, Peter," said the teacher to him, by way of test, "what do we find it easy to get into and very difficult to get out of?"

"Bed!" promptly replied Peter.

Which was just the reason Peter was always at the bottom of the class.

### Slow-Coaches

By Peter Puck

THE backward boys of England,  
How rosily they shine  
To clergymen and tutors  
And people in that line!

You find them in the village,  
You find them by the sea,  
All getting into training  
To beat the rule of three.

They sleep in lovely bedrooms,  
They breathe the purest air,  
They're fed on cream and lobsters,  
Oh, richly do they fare!

And though it costs a fortune  
To move those boys a jot,  
The tutors seldom grumble,  
For the pace is never hot.

WHY is an author more free than a king?  
Because he can choose his own subjects.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

### The Puzzle of the Bricks

The following names could all be read in the brick square: Alaric, Caesar, Chaucer, Cicero, Cromwell, Cyrus, Homer, Towell, Morse, Ohm, Pericles, Pitt, Plato, Richelieu, Tell.

### The Basket of Eggs

There were twenty eggs in the basket

Do You Live Here? Newcastle

## Jacko Tells the Good News

IN spite of the lawyer, it was Jacko who carried the wonderful news to Belinda and Joe.

He went back again to the new house directly he had had his tea, and this time he found them at home. They were sitting round the kitchen table, Joe busy with a kipper and Belinda at the teapot.

Without a word Jacko joined them. He slid into an empty chair, helped himself to the oiliest of the remaining fishes, and said: "Pass the bread-and-butter, please."

Joe absent-mindedly passed it, but Belinda put down the teapot with a bump.

"Really, Jacko," she began, "I thought you'd gone home—for good, I mean."

Jacko emptied his mouth as quickly as he could, and, taking no notice of Belinda's remark, said:

"I've got some news for you, Joe. Honour bright. Top-hole news. Guess! Have a shot at it. What's the best news you can think of?"

"That somebody'd taken you on a whaler to the South Seas and dropped you overboard," grunted Joe.

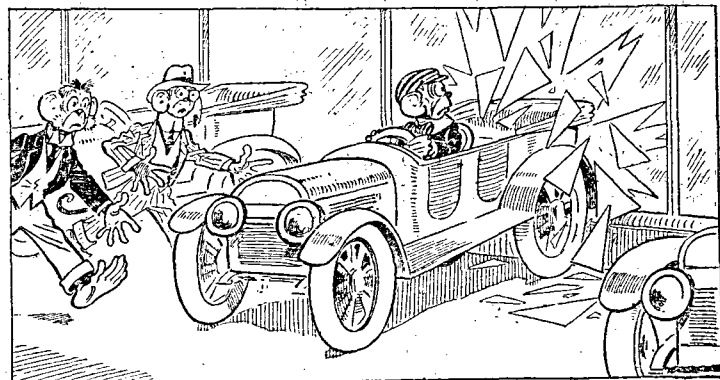
Jacko looked hurt.

"You'll be sorry for that in a minute," he said, shaking his head. "Suppose I were to tell you someone had left you a fortune, Joe?"

Joe looked scornful. "Very feeble, Jacko," he said. "If that's a joke it's a very feeble one."

"But it isn't!" shouted Jacko, pulling out the newspaper and thrusting it under Joe's nose. "Look at that!"

As Joe read his eyes grew bigger and bigger.



Jacko drove it through a plate-glass window

"'Pon my word, Belinda," he exclaimed, "the beggar's right! It's true."

"I know it is," cried Jacko. "I've seen the lawyer. Five thousand pounds, Joe! What about it?"

Belinda screamed, jumped up, and began capering round like a dancing dervish.

"Five thousand pounds!" repeated Belinda, when they had all quietened down again. "What shall we do with it, Joe?"

"Spend it," said Jacko promptly. "Pooh! I'd soon make it look silly."

"What would you buy?" asked Belinda.

"A motor-car," said Jacko. "Jolly useful thing to have, too. Think of all the train fares it'd save you. Save your boots from wearing out. Save Belinda's best frock in the rain."

The argument seemed to carry great weight with Belinda. The very first thing they bought with the money, when they got it, was a car.

It was to be a very modest, inexpensive affair, but, thanks to Jacko, it cost a fair amount before they even got it home, for, when they weren't watching him, the little idiot drove it clean through a plate-glass window.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### Trout for Kenya

An interesting experiment that is now being carried out in Kenya Colony will, if successful, make East Africa a fisherman's paradise.

Last year the East African Angling Association imported a large number of rainbow trout ova from South Africa with which to stock the colony's rivers, and these have done so well that many of the young trout already range up to six inches in length.

Arrangements have been made for no less than 100,000 brown trout to be distributed among the colony's rivers.

### Des Truites pour le Kenya

Si elle réussit, une expérience intéressante qu'on est en train de faire en ce moment dans la colonie du Kenya fera de l'Afrique Orientale un véritable paradis du pêcheur.

L'an dernier l'East African Angling Association importa du Sud-Afrique un grand nombre d'oeufs de truites arc-en-ciel pour en peupler les fleuves de la colonie; ces poissons ont prospéré si bien que beaucoup de jeunes truites atteignent déjà une longueur de six pouces.

On a pris des dispositions pour distribuer non moins de 100,000 truites brunes parmi les fleuves de la colonie.

## Tales Before Bedtime

### The Twins

THEY were two very naughty children. Everybody said so, and they were quite right.

Their father used to say that if they didn't improve he would take them to a desert island and leave them there.

But the twins only laughed and pinched each other, and went off, arm-in-arm, to wonder what new mischief they could get up to.

Said Jack one day:

"Let's get the boat out and go on the river."

Jill clapped her hands, and ran down the garden and into the meadow, which was the nearest way to the boat-house.

They had found out long ago where the key was hidden; and, with Jill to give him a leg-up, Jack got it down from the high nail on which it hung.

It was a bit of a job getting the boat down to the water, but they managed it, and in a few minutes they were off, gliding gently along the stream.

It wasn't a very swift stream, but as it was flowing the way they wanted to go they soon got out into the pretty part by the rushes that they loved.

"Let's stop here," cried Jill, "and I'll tell a tale. It's about a man who was shipwrecked—"

she began.

But Jack stopped her.

"Let's be shipwrecked," he said, and, before he had time to think what he was doing, he tipped up the oars and pitched them overboard.

"Oh, you donkey!" exclaimed Jill. "How are you going to get home again?"

"We don't want to—yet," said Jack. "Some people are sure to come along presently."

But they didn't; and when the children had been there for some hours they began to get frightened.

At last—when Jack had shouted himself hoarse and the tears were running down

his face—

"Let's stop here," cried Jill

Jill's face—a familiar voice hailed them from the bank.

"Had enough, have you?" it cried. It was the voice of old Williams, the gardener. "I thought you wanted a lesson, and now you've had one," he added, with a grim smile, as he went forward and began pulling them carefully in with a boat-hook.

"Perhaps another time you'll obey your papa and leave the boat alone."

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 15, 1922

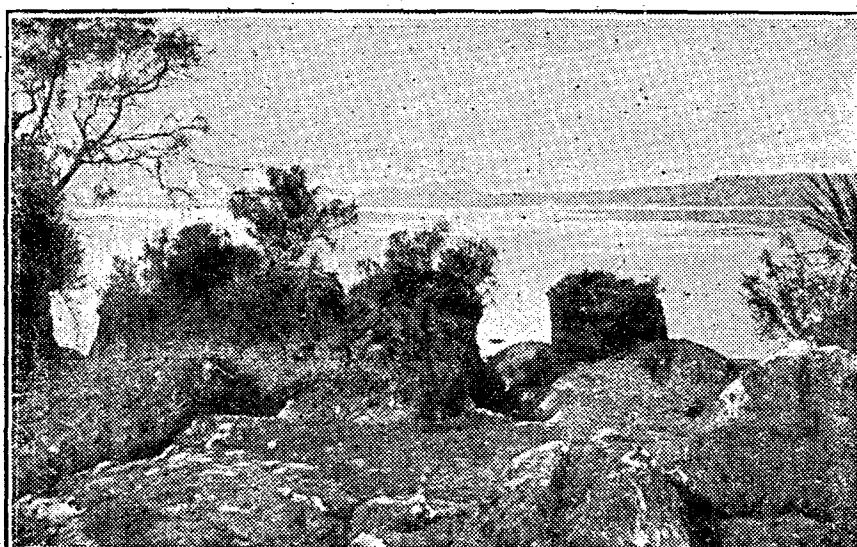
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## GIRL CHANNEL SWIMMER · EVERY-DAY EARTHQUAKES · WHITE ANT CHIMNEY



Practising for the Channel Swim—Miss Gladys Powsey, a 19-year-old girl of Southport, is attempting to swim the English Channel this year, and this picture shows her taking refreshment while in the water on a long training swim between Formby and Southport



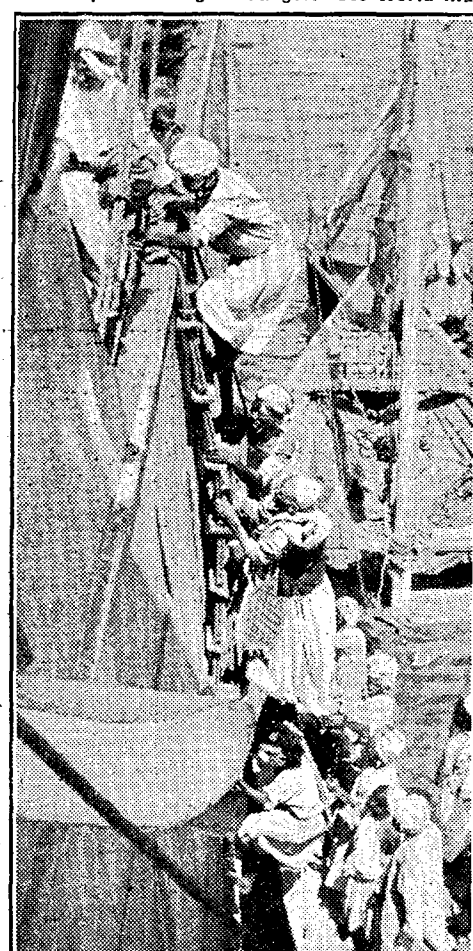
Where Earthquakes Occur Every Day—Taupo, in New Zealand, which for a long time past has been experiencing a continuous series of earthquake shocks. The officials of two post-offices have received permission to leave their posts owing to danger. See World Map



A White Ant Chimney—This curious column at Winklesport, in the Orange Free State, was built by white ants. It was destroyed by Mrs. Castignani, who sends the photograph, but was soon rebuilt



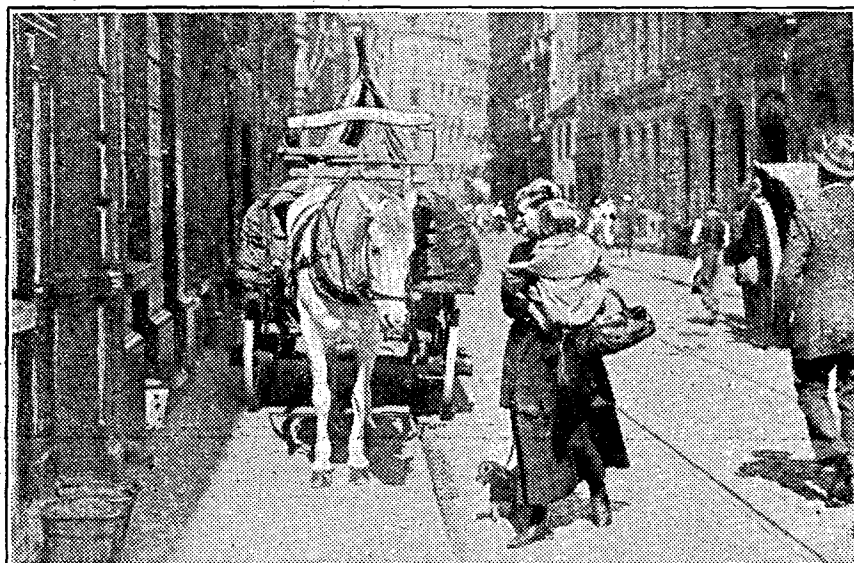
Schoolboy Oarsmen—Two members of the Westminster School junior eight which recently rowed a fine race against a London rowing club junior eight on the Thames at Putney. The youthful oarsmen are being encouraged by a companion on the banks of the river just before they embark for the race



Arab Traders Boarding a Liner—Directly a steamship anchors in an Arabian port, Arab traders come alongside in their dhows and scramble on board by rope ladders, anxious to sell their wares



Boy Scouts Learning Wireless—Boy Scouts of the Westminster City School learning to send and receive wireless messages under the tuition of their Scoutmaster. Some of them, while their companions receive instruction, are enjoying themselves listening to a wireless concert



A Topsy-turvy Traffic Rule—It is curious when London is trying to improve the safety of its streets by urging foot passengers to keep to the left, to find that in Berlin coal carts may draw up on the pavement to unload, and foot passengers have to take to the roadway